Like pretty things? Are you the collector type but tired of collecting beetles, bottles and shrunken heads? Well then try:

Collecting Pretty Girls

BY SIR OSWALD CHISHOLM

THERE'S THIS MAN in Passaic, N.J., who has 3,684 beer bottles, all different and all filled. This, you may think, is a pretty stupid hobby. You might also take a dim view of collections of match book covers, liquor labels, gummy postage stamps, ships in bottles, rusty old guns and used G-strings. But what would you say to collecting dames?

How to start? Well, you might want to go down to Bogota, Colombia, and get a sultry type, in exchange for your passport and other personal papers which are much needed by fleeing revolutionaries. You could go among the Papuans in New Guinea and pick off an imported Tasmanian to exchange for a carload of Australian beer. Or you could just go to Italy and "adopt" a Gina type out of an orphanage.

The latter was the simple course taken by 48-year-old London millionaire bachelor Robert Wilbraham Fitz-Aucher. He tagged Carolina Picchioni, dark and darling at 17, from a line-up of 157 orphan girls at San Giuseppe Institute. So smooth was he, that the mother superior lined up her 157 charges for Fitz in the belief he was seeking a deserving heiress.

The paunchy millionaire bachelor eased himself into a soft chair and steadied his chin on his gold cane head. A possessive, doting light came into his eyes as his 18-year-old darling jumped with glee at the gowns he'd just brought her. He was like a man who had just bought Class A accessories for his sports car. He had a sense of pride and ownership few men have ever known.

When she stepped out of the simple skirt and blouse she was wearing and wiggled into the new gown, he felt a warm surge of rightness, of achieving an entirely unique relationship—of having virtually acquired for himself a living doll to have and to hold without the dull formality of marriage without the cross cheapness of buying off a kept woman.

When she surveyed herself in the mirror and then lowered herself gratefully into his lap like a contented pet, he thought, happily, "She worships me—and he knew this to be true, because there was no marriage license to give her soy guarantees over him, an obligation the kept woman feels for helping her lover keep his secret.

Robert Wilbraham Fitz-Aucher felt very shrewd and very fastidious about his patronship over the girl, 18-year-old Carolina Picchioni. The dark and darling girl had more than come up to his expectations. She was a delight at the opera: she appreciated good food, good company, laughter and partying, fine clothing, fast sports cars and the tender tyranny of her owner. And especially did she light up the darkest recesses of the gloomy mansions Fitz-Aucher had conveniently scattered all over Europe.

It was an idyll. He had found the perfect foil for his whims, the warm, youthful companionship of a girl less than half his age, but more than twice his match. He could possess her as a shining toy without answering to her without soliciting her approval, without worrying that she might evade him. He had become the supreme collector.

Carolina was his third collectible cutie and the portly industrialist had come to be known as "Fabulous Fitz." He promised to put her in a convent for a year and then sponsor her in London schools and later, in the finest Mayfair society.

What Carolina got instead was her own plush apartment, ample financial support for all her relatives, jewels, cars, a familiarity that had her referring to her benefactor as "daddy" and even a special parting banquet in her home town, Nerola, so there could be no question that Carolina had done all right by herself.

If Fitz-Aucher was the least superstitious about his hobby of collecting busty young women, he had good reason to believe Carolina, his third, was his charm. His first was 17-year-old Ida Marie Jacobo, a vivacious and chesty beauty he saw lolling on the beach on the island of Ischia (rhymes with delicia) in the Bay of Naples. He arranged with her fisherman father to adopt her, took her to London and put her through a body-washing program of costuming, jewel-bedecking, English courses, music courses and a go at painting, presumably not to broaden her. He put a chauffeur and Rolls-Royce at her disposal, then taught her to drive his own custom Jaguar. Then, suddenly, he packed her off home again. The only reason he gave was that she was "too temperamental." At one point, he claimed, she displayed her ingratitude by throwing acid on an expensive party gown he'd bought her.

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157 Girls were lined up for the millionaire's inspection

The Bobbysoxer and the Loaded Gun

People will never forget the strange girl who shot Eddie Waitkus

"I HAD MY FIRST GOOD LOOK *at him on April 27, 1947," she said. "I used to go to all the ball games just to watch him. My girl friends and I used to wait for the ballplayers to come out of the clubhouse after the game. All the time I watched Eddie Waitkus, I was building in my mind the idea of killing him. As time went on I just become nuttier and nuttier about the guy and I knew I would never get to know him in a normal way, so I kept thinking I will never get him and if I can't have him, nobody else can. And then I decided I would kill him. I didn't know how or when, but I knew I would kill him.*"

She saw him and shivered and shook all over

She had never really cared about baseball until she went to a ball game one day with her girl friend and her girl friend's brother. She was 16 then. After that she went often and began to know the different ballplayers by sight. She took a liking to the looks of Eddie Waitkus, who was then playing first base for the Chicago Cubs. The boy who had taken her to that first ball game liked her a lot but she never really cared for him (she said). He was the slow type, easy-going. She'd make a date with him and then arranged not to be home when he called.

Her talk, at home, became more and more involved with Eddie Waitkus. That didn't bother her family at first. As her closest girl friend said, she'd had a terrific crush on Alan Ladd and another on "Peanuts" Lowery, the former Cub outfielder. It didn't seem important.

This girl friend did say, however, that she first time the Waitkus crush became apparent, was when some spectators at the ball game of April 27, 1947 yelled at him, "Hello funny-face!" From that time on this girl who later shot him became very much interested in him. But when she managed to get close to Waitkus waiting around for the sight of him as he left the ballpark, she shrank from him when he walked close by. She even hid herself so that he could not see her, even though he did not know of her existence.

She started to collect his pictures and newspaper clippings. She got her friends to send them to her, the ones she hadn't been able to get herself. In due time it became more than the ordinary teen-age infatuation such as the one she had for Alan Ladd.

Her devotion to him continued after the baseball season ended, lasting right through the winter. She talked constantly about him. She kept telling people that her father, her boss, movie actors, all reminded her of Eddie Waitkus. The number on his baseball uniform was 36 and that number became meaningful to her: she bought all the victrola records she could find that had been made in 1936 and she played them over and over again. She learned that Waitkus came from Boston so she started to eat baked beans, wanted them constantly. Her family had a hard time getting her to talk about anything but Waitkus. When they changed the subject in conversation she'd say, "*Let's talk about Eddie.*"

She talked her father into going to a game one day, then her mother. Neither cared about baseball, but she insisted. After a game, when the stood with the other bobby-soxers who were after autographs, she'd watch for Waitkus, only. She'd get physically close to him sometimes, but she never tried to speak

Driven by her compulsion, she sat on her bed and methodically took the gun apart and studied its parts

a word to him As a matter of fact, she'd get pale and she'd tremble in his immediate presence and once she almost fainted when he passed close by

"The first year I was crazy about him," she said "The second year when I went out I became self conscious I thought people were looking at me I thought my head was shaking I pretended Eddie was along with me and talked to me—not out loud—it was in a mental sense, not physical We walked down the street together I wouldn't take a street car because Eddie was with me I didn't tell my mother because she would have laughed at me If I told my dad he would have sent me to a doctor right away I only told my girl friends At no time did I actually feel him—I did mentally, not in body Mentally I could recall him any time I wanted to."

She blamed most of her nervousness on Waitkus, claiming she got that way after April 27, 1947, that day, she first laid eyes on him in Wrigley Field Checked reports show she was a gay and happy child But when she reached teen-age, she changed a great deal

Suddenly she didn't want people to look at her In crowds she was afraid of becoming the center of attention. She became extremely careful about her personal appearance, spent an abnormal amount of time on her hair and nails But the appearance of her shoes didn't seem to matter Although she'd buy new clothes, she liked her old clothes better She became deeply interested in music and at one time had a strong crush on Liszt, playing his *Hungarian Rhapsodies* over and over again. Her next crush was Andy Russell, the singer, and she kept buying his records. Later she became so overly fond of boogie woogie music, and played records of it so incessantly, that her family thought they would go crazy, they said

She became methodical and exact about money matters and keeping promises. She attended the Lutheran Church and during services she often sat staring, and trembling all over

She was very fond of movies, and her favorites were those about prison and those in which psychiatrists were characters, such as *Portia, Inc* and *The Snake Pit*. She never liked to talk about sex

Meanwhile, she carried Eddie Waitkus' picture with her at all times She'd prop it up against something and talk to it. *"You're so cute,"* she'd say to it. *"You made such a good play today"* She talked about suicide with friends once in a while She was almost always prompt for appointments, and angry with herself if she made people wait.

A little over a year after her crush on Waitkus began she became nervous at work, said she was miserable because her boss looked like Waitkus to her Once she walked out of the office with no explanation to anyone That day she wandered all over Chicago hoping she might see Waitkus. She didn't go home until 7 p.m. She told her parents she could not return to work and they fixed it up for her to have a six-weeks' leave of absence She saw a psychiatrist for about ten days and that was all When she returned to work she went to a new department where the work was easier and there was less excitement She got along better

She talked more and more of suicide, even to her parents, but no one took her seriously In January of 1949 she said she wanted a room of her own, to get more rest, and her parents agreed to let her get one

She secured a room just a few blocks away and came home almost every night for dinner She insisted upon paying her parents money for this She suddenly became engrossed in the Lithuanian language—Waitkus being Lithuanian She bought books and lessons on the language, listened to Lithuanian programs on the radio She saw the picture, *The Snake Pit* and liked it so much she kept seeing it over and over One of the actors in it, she said, reminded her of Waitkus She developed a feeling about bugs if they flew inside at night, she would not

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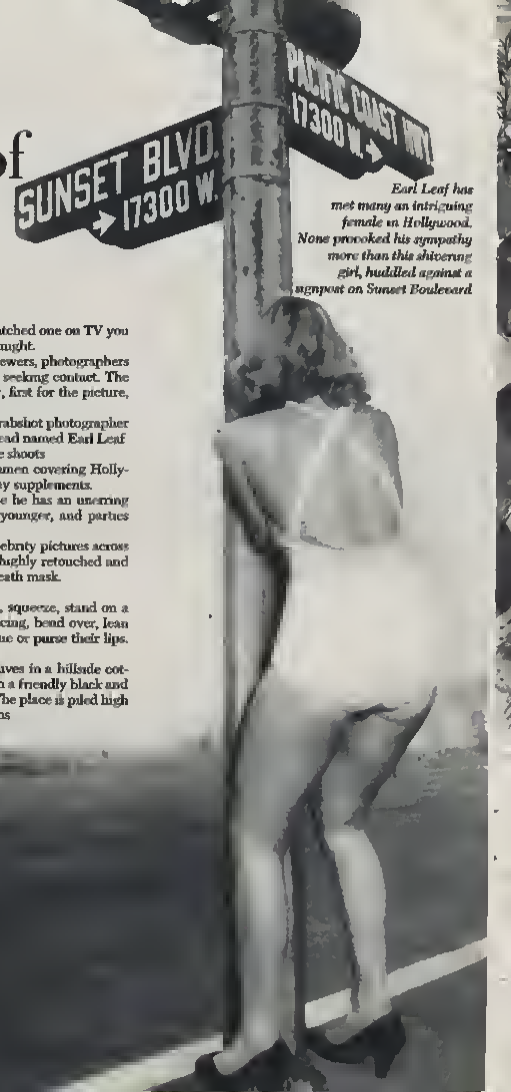
Earl Leaf: Pied Piper of Flickerville



Earl Leaf has met many an intriguing female in Hollywood. None provoked his sympathy more than this shivering girl, huddled against a signpost on Sunset Boulevard

By Dick Williams

If you've ever attended a movie premiere or watched one on TV you know what a looney bin a theater foyer is on such a night.

Stars, press agents, scribes, TV and radio interviewers, photographers and autograph fiends milling about in the maelstrom seeking contact. The whole endeavor is manufactured to gain publicity, first for the picture, and secondarily for the star guests.

Operating amid this confusion is a long, gaunt grabshot photographer with more hair on his face than on the top of his head named Earl Leaf. He is more of a character than most of the people he shoots.

Earl is one of the small army of candid cameramen covering Hollywood for the fan magazines, syndicates and Sunday supplements.

He also is one of a handful of the best, because he has an unerring knack for making starlets look sexier, stars look younger, and parties look more glamorous.

While studios pour a never-ending stream of celebrity pictures across mine and every film editor's desk, most of it is so highly retouched and so standardized in poses that it is as lifeless as a death mask.

Not so with brother Leaf's photos.

Earl asks his subjects to pitch a little woo, kiss, squeeze, stand on a chair, sit on a table, turn around, dance, stop dancing, bend over, lean over, lean back, look up, grin, stick out their tongue or purse their lips. And they usually do.

The man who captures this pictorial nonsense lives in a hillside cottage, three minutes from Hollywood and Vine, with a friendly black and white cat named Daffy. He calls it a Sierra shack. The place is piled high with books, magazines and portfolios of photographs.

The walls are covered with photos of lightly clad movie girls and models many posed with him in the picture too, caricatures and Tahitian paintings A large Chinese paper fish hangs suspended over the alcove couch covered with tapa cloth where he sleeps Others dangle over a beaten-up swing on the tiny patio

Invariably, the radio, tuned to the music station, is going full blast with semiclassical music, as much to put Leaf's camera subjects in the right mood as himself For he uses his living room as his studio

When I stopped by yesterday, pushing my way up the steep walk past the forest of bamboo shoots in the front yard, Leaf was just settling down to a picture session with a 18-year-old Pasadena brunette named Barbara Wilson

I will admit that Leaf has an interesting job Barbara, pretty and tousle-haired with shapely pair of legs, was posing in the patio in a man's checked shirt and the briefest of tights underneath

"I like to get the informal sort of thing," Earl explained.

Although he uses all types of girls as subjects Leaf prefers actresses "You just tell an actress what you want and they come through with the pose " he says

Earl subsists in this Bohemian setting on coffee eggs and bacon cigarettes and beans (which he buys by the case)

Although he gives every appearance of having been a lifelong bachelor he has been married four times

"I married a figure model last time," he con-

(Continued next page)

Never a day passes without an intriguing knock, a dream lit face appearing at Earl Leaf's door.

The Bobbysoxer and the Loaded Gun

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kill them but would carry them out of the house and set them free

By now she was spreading pictures and press notices of Waitkus on her bed and making what amounted to a shrine out of her room She always kept his picture under her pillow when she slept When he was traded from Chicago to Philadelphia she cried for a day and a night She said she couldn't live with him gone, that she had to have him for her boy friend. While he was spending the winter months in Boston, she talked constantly about going to Boston to have dates with him there

" I was still crazy about him and I decided to do some thing about it Then I decided to kill him with a gun It would be the easiest way I actually got the gun in May I didn't think I would have the courage to get a gun, because I am afraid of guns I knew I couldn't get a small gun like I wanted, be cause you have to go through the trouble of getting a permit, so I went to the pawnshop and got this second hand rifle My girl friend was with me at the time After that I looked up the schedule to see when the Philadelphia Phillies would be here I knew they were staying at this hotel, so I put my reservation in for the time when they would be there I got the reservation and it was just a question of waiting During that time I learned how to put the gun together and take it apart Then, I just waited until it was time to go "

The girl friend who had gone with her to buy the gun, during that week in May, said that after learning a revolver required a permit, she looked up pawnshops in the telephone Red Book. The rifle she bought was a .22 and cost her $21 The man in the pawnshop showed her how to take it apart and put it together again, and he gave her two boxes of shells She acted quite pleased with it, treated it as though it were a toy She never confided just what she wanted it for

The girl's sister, in discussing her after the shooting, said that they got along well as children. They were both brought up to be gentle, quiet and well-mannered and they never enjoyed boisterous or impolite playmates They never knew how to fight back.

They shared their toys but the sister was surprised, when the girl finally moved to her rooming house, to see her take a suitcase full of dolls and Teddy bears with her, ones she'd saved from childhood

Baseball games bored the sister but she went to some when the girl kept talking about Eddie Waitkus What the sister hated most about them was standing around after, in the hot sun for as much as an hour—waiting for Eddie Waitkus to emerge from the dressing room

Then, when Waitkus finally appeared, the girl who had forced her sister to wait with her for this moment, always shrank back and never found the nerve to ask him for an autograph. Each Thursday the girl ate with her sister and the always raised objections if anyone looked at her She arranged the chairs so that there was an empty one facing hers—and stated that Waitkus was in the chair She often told her sister that she felt sorry for Waitkus, because his mother was dead and she wanted to take care of him Sex never entered her discussion

On the Monday before the shooting of Waitkus, the and her girl friend got the gun and wrapped it up in heavy paper The girl friend wasn't suspicious, she said, because it struck her as just a lark They called a cab and went to the hotel where the reservation had been made back in May The next day they went to the ball game together Nothing unusual occurred They had a good time

They had planned to leave the ballpark together and both go to the hotel room because the girl didn't like to go there alone—she said, that when she passed all the wealthy women in the lobby, they stared at her As the game went on, she became somewhat nervous She wondered if she might meet Waitkus, by chance, in the hotel lobby She became too nervous to sit through the game and left early alone She said she was going to send a note to Waitkus that night and ask him to meet her Her girl friend laughed, not believing the girl would have nerve enough to do it

She admitted, afterward, that she'd bolstered her courage that night with three drinks, while denying excessive alcoholism She insisted that she was completely sober at the time of the shooting

" I had no more than got to sleep that night when I was awakened by the telephone ringing It was Waitkus He had gotten my note He wanted to know what the note was all about and why I wanted to see him He said, 'What's so darn important?' That shocked me I hadn't figured a guy like him I mean I didn't expect that from a guy like him. I thought he would ask me what it was all about, but he was so informal. I said, 'I can't discuss it over the phone with you Can you come up tonight for a few minutes?' He said, Yes' I said, 'Give me half an hour to get dressed' Then I got dressed and waited for him "

In the psychological examinations given her she had a full scale I Q of 99 on the Bellevue Wechsler test Her attention span was brief and she had to be called back to be re-tested on some points She revealed a marked lack of social intelligence and, on a Rorschach test there were indications of a childlike emotional state, incapable of meeting personality conflicts.

During the course of her examinations she was cheerful, at ease, neat, and cooperative She seemed to enjoy talking and never grew bored with an interview about herself Only twice did she have an emotional outburst—once after an examination by the County Jail doctor and another time when she told what she thought of the people in Philadelphia for buying Waitkus from the Cubs

She talked about the shooting of Waitkus with no change of emotion at all There were never any tears, but quite often she laughed when discussing serious matters, including the actual shooting During her eight years of grammar school and four years of high school she had experienced many difficulties and she went into detail about them She said, for instance 'One

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Earl Leaf: Pied Piper of Flickerville

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fided "I saw her first when she was posing in the nude for a camera class. A lovely girl."

Before Leaf settled down in the Hollywoods five years ago he had done just about everything in the adventurer's hand book He was a sailor lumberjack and miner He was China manager of the United Press, editor of the Manchuria Daily News, North China Star and other Oriental newspapers

He once spent a month in China before it went Red and taught Mao Tse tung (now president) how to rhumba and played 24-hour poker sessions with Chou En-lai, now premier He served as advisor to Generalissimo Chiang for four years and was with the OSS during World War II

Fed up with war and politics, Leaf spent several years roaming through Europe and Latin America with camera and typewriter before heading this way

"Part of the pleasure of being a magazine photographer is the boudoir crawling we do," says Earl " I used to be the lad to show film stars peeling spuds and washing the party dishes But the current trend in glamour home layouts takes us to to their bedrooms"

"Ten kisses an evening, mostly from gals I couldn't possibly know, is about par for some of the parties I cover Recently, a lush doll came up to me at a premier, threw her arms around me, kissed me on the eyes, the forehead, nose and cheeks, gushing, Oh, you wonderful, wonderful man!"

Leaf says "Mamie Van Doren melted my camera down to a spot on the rug no bigger than a midget's navel."

THE girl watcher

A GUIDE TO GIRL WATCHING

MARCH 1959 PRICE 50¢

Tired of Collecting Bottle Tops, Race Horses

Start a Girl Collection

 Leaf Susan Harrison has a strange blend of innocence, sex, capriciousness—beautiful and fascinating in all her moods

Once in a rebellious mood Susan Harrison shaved off all the hair on her head. Has occasional nightmares about losing it again

Bottle Party

by John Collier

Franklin Fletcher Dreaman of luxury in the form of tiger skins and beautiful women. He was prepared, at a pinch, to forge the tiger-skins. Unfortunately the beautiful women seemed equally rare and inaccessible. At his office and at his boarding-house the girls were mere mice, or catfish, or kittenish or had insufficiently read the advertisements. He met no others. At thirty-five he gave up, and decided he must console himself with a hobby, which is a very miserable second best.

He prowled about in odd corners of the town, looking in at the windows of antique dealers and junk-shops, wondering what on earth he might collect. He came upon a poor shop, in a poor alley, in whose dusty window stood a single object: it was a full-rigged ship in a bottle. Feeling rather like that himself, he decided to go in and ask the price.

The shop was small and bare. Some shabby racks were ranged about the walls, and these racks bore a large number of bottles, of every shape and size, containing a variety of objects which were interesting only because they were in bottles. While Franklin still looked about, a little door opened, and out shuffled the proprietor: a wizened old man in a working-cap, who seemed mildly surprised and mildly pleased to have a customer.

He showed Franklin bouquets, and birds of paradise, and the Battle of Gettysburg, and miniature Japanese gardens, and even a thrunken human head, all stoppered up in bottles. "And what,' said Frank, "are those, down there on the bottom shelf?'

"They are not much to look at," said the old man. "A lot of people think they are all nonsense. Personally I like them."

He tugged out a few specimens from their dirty obscurity. One seemed to have nothing but a little dried up fly in it, others contained what might have been horse hairs or straws, or mere wisps of heaven knows what, some appeared to be filled with grey or opalescent smoke. They are ' said the old man, various sorts of genii, jinns, sibyls, demons and such things. Some of them, I believe, are much harder, even than a frill rigged ship to put into a bottle.

"Oh, but come! This is New York," said Frank.

"All the more reason,' said the old man, "to expect the most extraordinary jinns in bottles. I'll show you. Wait a moment. The stopper is a little stiff.

"You mean there's one in there?' said Frank. "And you're going to let it out?'

' Why not?' replied the old man, desisting in his efforts, and holding the bottle up to the light. "This one—Good heavens! *Why* not, indeed! My eyes are getting weak. I very nearly pulled the wrong bottle. A very ugly customer, that one! Dear me! It's just as well I didn't get that stopper undone. I'd better put him right back in the rack. I must remember he's in the lower right hand corner. I'll stick a label on him one of these days. Here's something more harmless.

"What's in that?' said Frank.

' Supposed to be the most beautiful girl in the world,' said the old man. "All right, if you like that sort of thing. Myself, I've never troubled to undo her. I'll find something more interesting.

"Well, from a scientific point of view," said Frank, "I—

"Science isn't everything,' said the old man. "Look at this!" He held up one which contained a tiny, unmanified, insect looking object, just visible through the grime. "Put your ear to it," he said.

Frank did so. He heard, in a sort of whistling mutting of a voice, the words, "Louisiana Lad, Saratoga, four fifteen. Louisiana Lad, Saratoga, four fifteen." repeated over and over again.

"What on earth is that?' said he.

"That,' said the old man, "is the original Cumaean Sibyl. Very interesting. She's taken up racing."

' Very interesting,' said Frank. ' All the same, I'd just like to see that other I adore beauty.

"A bit of no artist, eh?" said the old man. "Believe me, what you really want is a good all-round, serviceable type. Here's one, for example. I recommend this little fellow from personal experience. He's practical. He can fix you anything."

"Well, if that's so," said Frank, "why haven't you got a palace, tiger skins, and all that?"

"I had all that," said the old man. "And he fixed it. Yes, this was my first bottle. All the rest came from him. First of all I had a palace, sparkles, slaves. And, as you say, tiger skins. I had him put Cleopatra on one of them."

"What was she like?" cried Frank.

"All right,' said the old man, "if you like that sort of thing. I got bored with it. I thought to myself, 'What I'd like, really, is a little shop, with all sorts of things in bottles.' So I had him fix it. He got me the shop! He got me the ferocious fellow there. In fact, he got me all of them."

"And now he's in there?" said Frank.

"Yes. He's in there," said the old man. "Listen to him."

Frank put his ear to the bottle. He heard, uttered in the most plaintive tones, "Let me out. Do let me out. Please let me out. I'll do anything. Let me out. I'm harmless. Please let me out. Just for a little while. Do let me out. I'll do anything. Please—"

Frank looked at the old man. "He's there all right," he said. "He's there."

"Of course he's there,' said the old man. "I wouldn't sell you an empty bottle. What do you take me for? In fact, I wouldn't sell this one at all, for sentimental reasons, only I've had the shop a good many years now, and you're my first customer."

Frank put his ear to the bottle again. "Let me out. Let me out. Oh, please let me out. I'll—

"My God!" said Frank uneasily. ' Does he go on like that *all* the time?"

Very probably,' said the old man. "I can't say I listen. I prefer the radio."

"It seems rather tough on him," said Frank sympathetically.

' Maybe,' said the old man. ' They don't seem to like bottles. Personally, I do. They fascinate me. For example, I—"

"Tell me,' said Frank. "Is he really harmless?"

"Oh, yes,' said the old man. "Bless you, yes. Some say they're tricky—eastern blood and all that—I never found him so. I used to let him out, he'd do his stuff, then back he'd go again. I must say he's very efficient.

'He could get me anything?

"Absolutely anything.

"And how much do you want for him?" said Frank.

"Oh, I don't know,' said the old man. "Ten million dollars, perhaps."

"I say! I haven't got that. Still, if he's as good as you say, maybe I could work it off on the high purchase system."

"Don't worry. We'll say five dollars instead. I've got all I want, really. Shall I wrap him up for you?"

Frank paid over his five dollars, and hurried home with the pre-

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Out came the most beautiful girl you can possibly imagine

The Bottle Party

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cious bottle, terrified of breaking it. As soon as he was in his room he pulled out the stopper. Out flowed a prodigious quantity of greasy smoke, which immediately solidified into the figure of a gross and fleshy Oriental, six feet six in height, with rolls of fat, a hook nose, a wicked white to his eye, vast double chins, altogether like a film presence, only larger. Frank, striving desperately for something to say, ordered shashlik, kebabs, and Turkish delight. These were immediately forthcoming.

Frank, having recovered his balance, noted that these modest offerings were of surpassing quality, and set upon dishes of solid gold, superbly engraved, and polished to a dazzling brightness. It is by little details of this description that one may recognize a really first rate servant. Frank was delighted, but restrained his enthusiasm. 'Gold plates,' said he, 'are all very well. Let us, how ever, get down to brass tacks. I should like a palace.'

'To hear,' said his dusky henchman, 'is to obey.'

'It should,' said Frank, 'be of suitable size, suitably situated, suitably furnished, suitable pictures, suitable marbles, hangings, and all that. I should like there to be a large number of tiger-skins. I am very fond of tiger skins.'

'They shall be there,' said his slave.

'I am,' said Frank, 'a bit of an artist, as your late owner remarked. My art so to speak, demands the presence, upon these tiger skins, of a number of young women, some blonde, some brunette, some *petite*, some Junoesque, some languorous, some vivacious, all beautiful, and they need not be over-dressed. I hate over-dressing. It is vulgar. Have you got that?'

'I have,' said the jinn.

'Then,' said Frank, 'let me have it.'

'Condescend only,' said his servant, 'to close your eyes for the space of a single minute, and opening them you shall find yourself surrounded by the agreeable objects you have described.'

'O.K.,' said Frank. 'But no tricks, mind!'

He closed his eyes as requested. A low, musical humming, whooshing sound rose and fell about him. At the end of the minute he looked around. There were the arches, pillars, marbles, hangings, etc., of the most exquisite palace imaginable, and wherever he looked he saw a tiger-skin, and on every tiger skin there reclined a young woman of surpassing beauty, who was certainly not vulgarly overdressed.

One good Frank was, to put it mildly, in an ecstasy. He darted to and fro like a honey-bee in a florist's shop. He was received everywhere with smiles sweet beyond description, and with glances of an open or a veiled responsiveness. Here were blushes and lowered lids. Here was the flaming face of ardour. Here was a shoulder turned but by no means a cold shoulder. Here were open arms, and such arms! Here was love dissembled, but vainly dissembled. Here was love triumphant. 'I must say,' said Frank at a later hour, 'I have spent a really delightful afternoon. I have enjoyed it thoroughly.'

'Then may I crave,' said the jinn, who was at that moment serving him his supper, 'may I crave the boon of being allowed to act as your butler, and as general minister to your pleasures, instead of being returned to that abominable bottle?'

'I don't see why not,' said Frank. 'It certainly seems rather tough that, after having fixed all this up, you should be crammed back into the bottle again. Very well, act as my butler, but understand, whatever the convention may be, I wish you never to enter a room without knocking. And above all—no tricks.'

The jinn, with a soapy smile of gratitude, withdrew, and Frank shortly retired to his harem, where he passed the evening as pleasantly as he had passed the afternoon.

Some weeks went by, entirely filled with these agreeable pastimes, till Frank, in obedience to a law which not even the most efficient jinns can set aside, found himself growing a little over particular, a little blasé, a little inclined to criticize and find fault.

'These,' said he to his jinn, 'are very pretty young creatures if you like that sort of thing, but I imagine they can hardly be first rate, or I should feel more interest in them. I am, alas, all a connoisseur, nothing can please me but the very best. Take them away. Roll up all the tiger skins but one.'

'It shall be done,' said the jinn. 'Behold, it is accomplished.'

'And on that remaining tiger-skin,' said Frank, 'put me Cleopatra herself.'

The next moment, Cleopatra was there, looking, it must be admitted, absolutely superb. 'Hullo!' she said. 'Here I am, on a tiger-skin again!'

'*Again!*' cried Frank, suddenly reminded of the old man in the shop. 'Here! Take her back. Bring me Helen of Troy.'

Next moment Helen of Troy was there. 'Hullo!' she said. 'Here I am, on a tiger skin again!'

'*Again!*' cried Frank. 'Damn that old man! Take her away. Bring me Queen Guinevere.'

Guinevere said exactly the same thing, so did Madame la Pompadour, Lady Hamilton, and every other famous beauty that Frank could think of. 'No wonder,' said he, 'that that old man was such an extremely wizened old man. The old fiend! The old devil! He has properly taken the gilt off all the gingerbread. Call me jealous if you like, I will not play second fiddle to that ugly old rascal. Where shall I find a perfect creature, worthy of the embraces of such a connoisseur as I am?'

'If you are designing to address that question to me,' said the jinn, 'let me remind you that there was, in that shop, a little bottle which my late master had never unstoppered, because I supplied him with it, unless he had lost interest in matters of this sort. Nevertheless it has the reputation of containing the most beautiful girl in the whole world.'

'You are right,' cried Frank. 'Get me that bottle without delay.'

In a few seconds the bottle lay before him. 'You may have the afternoon off,' said Frank to the jinn.

(Continued on page 25)

Frank had the infinite mortification of beholding other matters from the glassy walls of his prison

Bottle Party

(Continued from page 24)

Thank you, said the jinn. I will go and see my family in Arabia. I have not seen them for a long time.' With that he bowed and withdrew. Frank turned his attention to the bottle, which he was not long in unstoppering.

Out came the most beautiful girl you can possibly imagine. Cleopatra and all that lot were hags and frumps compared with her.

'Where am I?' said she. 'What is this beautiful palace? What am I doing on a tiger-skin? Who is this handsome young prince?'

'It's me!' cried Frank, in a rapture. 'It's me!'

The afternoon passed like a moment in Paradise. Before Frank knew it the jinn was back ready to serve up supper. Frank must sup with his charmer, for this time it was love, the real thing. The jinn, entering with the viands rolled up his wicked eyes at the sight of so much beauty.

It happened that Frank, all love and restlessness, darted out into the garden between two mouthfuls to pluck his beloved a rose. The jinn, on the pretence of serving her wine, edged up very closely. 'I don't know if you remember me,' said he in a whisper. 'I used to be in the next bottle to you. I have often admired you through the glass.'

'Oh yes,' said she. 'I remember you quite well.'

At that moment Frank returned. The jinn could say no more but he stood about the room inflating his monstrous chest, and showing off his plump and flabby muscles. 'You need not be afraid of him,' said Frank. 'He is only a jinn. Pay no attention to him. Tell me if you really love me.'

'Of course I do,' said she.

'Well, say so,' said he. 'Why don't you say so?'

'I have said so,' said she. 'Of course I do. Isn't that saying so?'

This vague, evasive reply dimmed all Frank's happiness as if a cloud had come over the sun. Doubt sprang up in his mind, and entirely ruined moments of exquisite bliss.

'What are you thinking of?' he would say.

'I don't know,' she would reply.

'Well, you ought to know,' he would say, and then a quarrel would begin.

Once or twice he even ordered her back into her bottle. She obeyed with a malicious and secretive smile.

'Why should she give that sort of smile?' said Frank to the jinn, to whom he confided his distress.

'I cannot tell,' replied the jinn. 'Unless she has a lover concealed in there.'

'Is it possible?' cried Frank in consternation.

'It is surprising,' said the jinn, 'how much room there is in one of these bottles.'

'Come out!' cried Frank. 'Come out at once!'

His charmer obediently emerged. 'Is there anyone else in that bottle?' cried Frank.

'How could there be?' she asked, with a look of rather overdone innocence.

'Give me a straight answer,' said he. 'Answer me yes or no.'

'Yes or no,' she replied maddeningly.

'You double-talking, two timing little bitch!' cried Frank. 'I'll go in and find out for myself. If I find anybody, God help him and you!'

With that, and with an intense effort of the will, he flowed himself into the bottle. He looked around: there was no one. Suddenly he heard a sound above him. He looked up, and there was the stopper being thrust in.

'What are you doing?' cried he.

'We are putting in the stopper,' said the jinn.

Frank cursed, begged, prayed, and implored. 'Let me out!' he cried. 'Let me out. Please let me out. Do let me out. I'll do anything. Let me out, do.'

The jinn, however, had other matters to attend to. Frank had the infinite mortification of beholding these other matters through the glassy walls of his prison. Next day he was picked up, whisked through the air, and deposited on the dirty little shop among the other bottles from which this one had never been missed.

There he remained for an interminable period, covered all over with dust, and frantic with rage at the thought of what was going on in his exquisite palace between his jinn and his faithless charmer. In the end some sailors happened to drift into the shop, and, hearing this bottle contained the most beautiful girl in the world, they bought it up by general subscription of the forecastle. When they unstoppered him at sea, and found it was only poor Frank, their disappointment knew no bounds, and they used him with the utmost barbarity.

THE ANSWERS TO ALL YOUR

Girl Watching PROBLEMS

BY

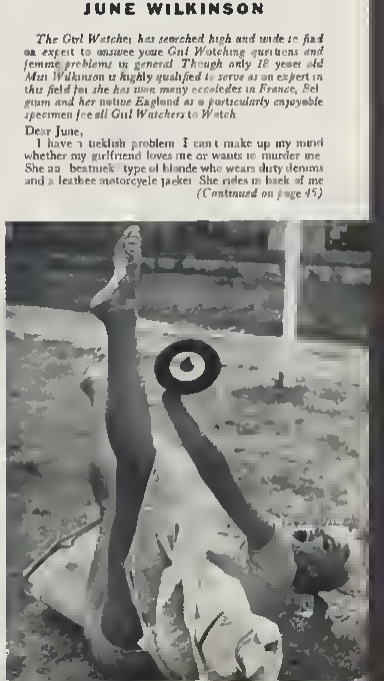
JUNE WILKINSON

The Girl Watcher has searched high and wide to find an expert to answer your Girl Watching questions and femme problems in general. Though only 18 years old June Wilkinson is highly qualified to serve as an expert in this field for she has been many occasions in France, Belgium and her native England as a particularly enjoyable specimen for all Girl Watchers to Watch.

Dear June,

I have a ticklish problem. I can't make up my mind whether my girlfriend loves me or wants to murder me. She is a beatnick type of blonde who wears dirty denims and a leather motorcycle jacket. She rides in back of me

(Continued on page 45)



The Girlwatcher's Guide To

PARIS

FELLOW GIRL WATCHERS! If you're tired of your surroundings, why not move to Paris? You may have a room overlooking Madame Mal de Mer's Ballerina School and believe me you've never seen anything until you gander a leggy lass in leotards in the seventh position

PATISSERIE
MARIE ANNETTE IRENE
NOILLY PRAT
LA VERRUE
Leonard Sherrall Artiste Magnifique
PARFUM
LA CAVE

In Search of the
STRAWBERRY BIRTHMARK

"I'm the wallpaper man," said Joe wryly

JOE MANNING THOUGHT, at first, that he had been fired again. That, however, was not quite true. He waltzed into the office of Mr. Gilfoyle, the production manager of Radioversal Pictures, Inc., and sat down beside Mr. Gilfoyle's whopping-big, shiny desk. Joe was referred to, around the Radioversal offices, as a contact man, which was the official title for the guy who did various bits of phenagling in the interests of the company. For these services Joe drew down the sum of one hundred and fifty sweet dollars per the week. Joe did not like his job very much, but was extremely fond of the dividends.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Gilfoyle?" Joe said with all the phoney *éclat* that he could muster.

"I've got a special little job for you, Joe," Mr. Gilfoyle said.

"Hmmm . . . " It meant almost anything to Joe, that suspicious "special," that "little."

"You know, of course," Mr. Gilfoyle began, "that Wanda X, the mysterious Egyptian princess whom we hired at a ridiculous price because she *was* a princess—"

"Wasn't a princess at all," Joe finished. "How that girl did it!"

"What she was," said Mr. Gilfoyle, suddenly, "was a Brooklyn dame named Alma Dooley who had picked up an accent and a smart press agent. Poor old Radioversal! The Dooley frail used to do a strip-tease in burlesque. We could have hired her for fifty bucks a week, but as a *princess* we hired her for a thousand cold, a week."

"I thought, at the time, that the nut was pretty big," Joe said.

"Well," continued the glowering Mr. G., "we shot half the picture. This Alma Dooley had protected herself by putting a clause in the contract saying, she should never appear without a veil over her face—"

"She was only supposed to dance?" Joe asked.

"That's all. So it was okay. We had special dances she did, that were part of the plot of the picture. Nobody ever saw her face, although practically every other part of her body was exposed. We let her get away with it because we thought she was a princess and all. Anyway, midway in the shooting of pix, we learned the truth: some dame that didn't like her tipped us off. But Dooley found out that we were wise to her and slipped out on us, figuring we'd sue, have her thrown in the clink or something. Which she deserved. Anyway, she's gone."

"And good riddance," Joe said. "Where do I come in?"

"Give me time!" Mr. Gilfoyle snapped. "We got exactly four hundred grand tied up in this production and it's all shot to hell unless we get Alma Dooley back again, because there are two sequences in the picture where she does this queer dance of hers. This queer dance of hers is part of the *solution to the plot* and if we ain't got her to do the lousy dance, we can't solve the lousy plot. Get it?"

So, at last, Joe knew what was coming and where *he* fitted in. He shifted uneasily in his chair.

"And," Joe said, "I'm supposed to find La Dooley, is that it?"

"In a way, yes," said Mr. G., "although we already know where she lives."

Joe breathed easier

"But," said Mr G , "it's an apartment house and we don't know which apartment—nor do we know the name she's living under And since nobody around here ever saw her *face*

Joe moaned softly He had a sudden, vague premonition.

"We want to get her back to finish the picture We won't sue her We'll let bygones be bygones. But we gotta get her back, see? And there is a way of identifying her"

Joe quavered "How?"

"It's a birthmark," said Mr Gilfoyle solemnly "Although there was a veil over her face when she danced, she danced practically in the nude, so—"

Joe was very, very warm under the collar 'Where," he demanded bitterly, ' is that birthmark?"

'It's—" Mr Gilfoyle looked dreamily out the window—" it's on her right thigh, almost at the hip, Joe"

Joe looked at him weakly "And I'm supposed to canvas that apartment and look at every dame's thigh until I find one with a strawberry birthmark, eh? That is what I call a pretty kettle of fish"

Mr Gilfoyle only nodded

"Well," Joe shouted, ' I won't do it I can't go up to strange women and say, 'Pardon me, but may I inspect your right thigh a bit below the hip?' Nuts to you, Gilfoyle"

"Either you do it, and bring the Dooley dame in here by tomorrow evening," said Mr Gilfoyle unruffled, ' or you're fired!"

"Wait a minute—"

' That will be all, Joe," Mr Gilfoyle bellowed, and thwacked his fist on the desk so that the big blue blotter jumped

Joe Manning stood in front of the apartment house It was called the Faversham Arms and was inhabited chiefly by show girls. It was not very big, which was something of a help Joe reconnoitered, then he walked inside, toting a large satchel

He rang the bell of the first apartment on the right. The door opened and presented him with a beautiful blonde, who directed a cold eye upon him Joe removed his hat "Pardon me," he said "but I'm the wallpaper man'

"I don't want any," said the blonde, making as if to shut the door

"You don't understand " Joe said "You see, the management is doing some redecorating and I have been sent around to learn what the tenants want. It doesn't cost you a cent, you understand"

'Oh!" The blonde was hooked "In that case—come right in."

Joe did He followed her to the center of the room where he quietly placed the satchel at her feet Then he maneuvered her around to the other side as he gestured at the walls

"The guy who papered this hutch before must have had St Vitus's dance," he said briskly "Now I'd suggest a tasty tan—"

"Nuts to you and your tans," said the blonde "I want something in a bold pink Something about the color of a rabbit's nose, if you don't mind "

"I don't mind if you don't," Joe said It was the lead he had been waiting for "I've got some sample books here in the—"

He reached down quickly and his shoulder struck her just below the hips "Upsey-daisey!" he said to himself as she stumbled against the bulky satchel and went over backward her skirts whirling above her waist

Joe bent down solicitously "So sorry," he murmured, in a matter-of-fact tone, as his gaze swept two extremely neat thighs, bare from the gartered top of sheer nylon stockings to the edge of the brief panties

She rolled over in a cascade of skirts and Joe knew that his

(Continued on page 30)

"You look more like a clown to me, You clown!" she thundered

Official International Journal

A Handy Handbook for

GIRL WATCHING

Dedicated to all Serious Scholars and Connoisseurs of Beautiful Women

Latest Reports from Enterprising, Ardent Devotees Throughout the World

She landed on the floor in a cascade of skirts

(Continued from Page 29)

mutual quest had been unsuccessful, there was no sign of a birthmark anywhere. A little angry sound escaped her as she sat up

"On second thought," she said coldly, "you'd better not make it pink Black and blue would be more appropriate"

"Okay," said Joe

"And besides," she added, "I don't think you're a paperhanger at all You look more like a clown to me, and not a very clever clown at that"

"Now lady, is that nice?" asked Joe, uneasily

She gave him a long, hard look. "You'd better get out before I lose my temper," she said.

Joe put on his best, *most* placating manner He was afraid she would make further progress in the building impossible.

"I'll have to risk your temper," he said gently ' I apologize for my awkwardness. May I assist you?"

Her anger melted as he lifted her to her feet

"Well," she said, "what sort of paper would you suggest?"

By four o clock in the afternoon Joe had interviewed, via the wallpaper gag, every tenant in the dear old Faversham Arms—except one Sonie—the oldest and plumpest ones—he had been able to discuss at a glance But there was a surprisingly large number of attractive young ladies hibernating in these quarters, and in succession each had been tripped beautifully on their respective ears, while Joe observed thighs impartially So far, no strawberries.

So, as he stood in front of the last door on the top floor, he was feeling a shade of exuberance Surely, here then was the woman If this one was not the woman, then Mr Gilfoyle's steed had been a bum one and the responsibility was certainly not Joe s.

He knocked authoritatively When the door opened there stood before him a dream of a girl *with* brilliant black hair, which streamed straight back to a slick knot behind the ears

"I'm the wallpaper man," Joe sang out.

"But how charming?"

Then Joe got a shock As his gaze traveled down her svelte form, he saw that disaster was imminent For she was wearing lounging pyjamas. Her legs were snugly encased in a pair of silk pants!

Joe swallowed hard He stammered his story She invited him in

He began the talk the usual line He was stalling because there was no use trying to work the regular gag on this girl Tripping a lady who was wearing pants and expecting to get a gandee at a mole on her thigh—just below the hip—was simply out of the question.

But they talked wallpaper They talked maybe twenty minutes She told him she wanted something with fancy flowers, he marked it down in a notebook they finished *that*, and Joe turned desperately to the weather

Concerning the weather, she said "The hell with the weather"

So Joe floundered around Then she solved everything for the moment

'Would you care for a drink?" she said "It may kill you but it's a pleasant death "

' Does that need an answer? ' Joe asked her

So she fixed two Vodkas on-the rocks They reclined They drank They talked Then she made another Then she made more

After the fifth Joe got an idea He moved his chair to the studio couch where she was lounging Joe did not feel like making love, exactly, but business was, after all business. He sat down near her and put his hand gently on her knee

'You're one swell kid," he said

'You're not bad yourself," she said

Then Joe kissed her it was a mistake

She stood up suddenly and she said "May I politely inquire who the hell you think you are? If you must act this way, my good wallpaper salesman—get out!"

Joe became desperate. ' Aw—now," he said

It looked pretty bad at that particular moment Joe Radioversal Pictures, Inc.

The next morning Joe slid into Mr Gilfoyle's office with the agitated look of a fugitive.

' Joe,' Mr Gilfoyle shouted, 'you're a genius The Dooley doll is back at work and—'

'I know, I know ' interrupted Joe "Look, isn't there some job you can send me on—something out of town—till she's finished making the picture? It's urgent."

"Out of town? What's the matter, boy? Don't you know you're sitting pretty with Radioversal after this job? Now calm down and tell me how you did it"

Quickly Joe related the events of the afternoon right up to the final call, to the point at which the pyjama-clad girl had ordered him out.

'So," he went on, "it looked bad until I had the great idea of my life—what an idea! You'd never—"

'All right," snapped Mr Gilfoyle *"what* idea?"

'Just this," said Joe, handing over a piece of folded paper

"My God! It's a marriage license " gasped Mr Gilfoyle ' You married the dame!"

"That's what you think," Joe responded quickly, "and, more to the point, that's what *she* thinks Look, Mr Gilfoyle, we've both been around, and I don't have to tell you about the resources of a studio I got the guy who's playing the minister in that picture out on Set 7, to show up with his backward collar and the license is just as phoney The thing is — from what I now know about Alma Dooley's spirit, I don't intend to be around when she finds out. The picture'll be finished soon so send me any place far away till the gal's gone. If she gets tough, remind her you can sue her " Joe turned to go out but stopped at the door "And by the way, ' he added, 'that mole's not as close to the hip as you indicated, Mr Gilfoyle."

So You Want to be a Model, Huh?

There are all kinds of artists including those that work at the corner drugstore

If you have a shape like Ava Gardner a pair of stop lights like Jayne Mansfield, and a pair of stems like Brigitte Bardot—you'll probably never have a chance as a model, because some nasty old movie scout will throw his net around you before you can say "How's this for a pose?"

But if you happen to be just one of the 57,863 ordinary, everyday, super-beautiful American females in search of fame, ermine wrappers and a collection of millionaire pen pals then your surest bet is to become a model. Why not? No work, big pay, and never a dull day. Why be a dope and hand out free snapshots of yourself in a bathing suit to your thin walleted boy friend? You can be standing casually in front of an Easyfreeze refrigerator (and, incidentally, a camera) with your best leg forward and—*click*—you receive a check for $25 in payment for work that is through before you can fully expand your chest. And you get yourself into papers and magazines read by all the best people and a lot of the other ones.

Of course, there are a few things to keep in mind.

Before setting out on a model's career, a girl ought to stand in front of her boudoir mirror and give herself a critical self analysis (*once-over* to you, honey). Now remove as much of what you're wearing as the Peeping Tom in the window across the way can stand. Take a tape measure and jot down the following notes: Height (down off your toes, you sly thing), hips (stop that wiggling), bust, waist, calves, phone number, who do you love, who is

(Continued on the next page)

First, a model must always be cooperative!

So You Want to be a Model, Huh?

(Continued from previous page)

your favorite laundry man?

Now you are ready to light out for the nearest modeling job (Oops sorry! Clothes back so please—at least going through trial fit.) Where and how to get there is your next problem. Pick up your local classified telephone directory and thumb through AKe Welders, AKuchokes, AKusts. Take down a few studio numbers on a small piece of cardboard and tuck it inside your shoe—the one with the hole in the bottom.

Now walk (don't run) to your first address.

Answering the doorbell is photographer will always bow to a model and ask her to come in and take her clothes off. If he doesn't bow, he's either a phony, his back hurts, or you have the wrong address.

But before you remove as much as a hairpin, let us advise you that there are all kinds of artists. Mustached Artists. Quill Pen Artists. Figure Artists, artists that work in bas-relief and at the corner drug store on Saturdays.

One warning is that you forbid them to see even the whites of your eyes until you march into their kitchen and discover whether they have been eating regularly for the past month. If you should find the bottom refrigerator tray full of vintage 1939 champagne, the responsibility is all yours, darling. We wash our hands of the whole affair.

Somewhere in the course of this freelance adventure you find out that the heavy loot comes from posing for advertising illustrations so you head for the ad agencies. You possess a complexion that could only result from Da ja Dainty Bath Salts, a figure that only Fawncurve three-way stretch panty girdle could help create, a smile right out of a Pepescope toothpaste tube—everything it takes to become an advertising glamour girl.

You take the whole works to an advertising agency which you have also selected from your telephonencyclopedia. A duchess, guardian of the outer sanctum, motions you towards a well shined leather cushion. You soon find that you are not alone. In fact there are three dozen other cushion shiners ahead of you, most of them two or three shades prettier than you.

After three hours of silently listening to the leathers on your hat molting, you are suddenly informed that executive Red Krutch has left town for Weehawken.

You try other cushions in other reception rooms of other advertising offices. You meet with similar luck and the same girls. You are about to toss in the sponge and devote the rest of your life to knitting hawsers for torpedo boats when you learn that all this cushion caressing could have been avoided had you been smart and signed up with one of the many model agencies.

You pick up your battered hat box and move.

Before you are entrusted with a model agency's secret handshake, you must sign an agreement whereby you promise to love, cherish and obey the dictates of glamour fashion and pose.

They send you right back where you started—to a photographer. A rogues-gallery album of yourself is provided. *You* in a bathing suit. *You* with a hat on. *You* with your hat off. *You* looking seductive. *You* looking sweet.

Every model must equip herself with an ample wardrobe. Can you imagine a model with nothing but a two-piece bathing suit and a pretty shape to her name, trying to pose for an advertisement with an opera house background? Anyway, a model should have lots of clothes. She must be prepared to portray everything from an evening gowned corpse in a murder story to a wooden-shed Dutch housewife chasing microbes about the kitchen.

Fierce competition in the modeling business compels the modern model to specialize.

Not only does a model have to have the right equipment but she has to know the specialty she is equipped for. Here we catalogue the qualities model agencies are looking for today.

AU NATUREL. If you have the figure for pin up calendars and have no objections to posing all up and out and in the all together and clothed like a wet noodle for the delight of garage mechanics and billiard players, you have a skin tight advantage from the very start. You won't have to lay out money for a wardrobe.

Equipment needed

The ability to hold a Calla Lily in your teeth
To be un-allergic to bearskin rugs
Have hide tough enough to withstand the hot glare of spot lights
Portable heater for posing in Greenwich Village walk up studios

Bra Dreamers There is a constant demand for models to pose for ads, wherein they dream they are driving a garbage truck down Fifth Avenue, wearing a Madgirl Bra.

Equipment needed
Two
A sleepy hung over expression
Attractive legs that will get by the censors
Backsides with a soft sell
Pleasing hips but not so much so that they will distract the male reader away from the ad copy.

Girder Bronco If your former boss was a wall and you are adept at leaping over desks and casting couches, this is your meat. Your modeling chore is to prove to the ad reader lady fair that she can leap, pivot and broad jump as far as she wants in the famous Stretchy-Fully panty girdles

Equipment needed
Healthy athletic lungs
Springy limbs and an aviators crash helmet in case you hit the ceiling when Lecher Drools the camera man offers handy advice on body positions

Miss Plumbers Helper This is a good place to start in on the modeling profession. No one knows exactly why but State Fairs conventions and company picnics can not function without the presence of shapely Bikini bathing suited dolls circulating among their midst. These same dolls are supplied by modeling agencies who in return supply the dolls with money for services rendered.

Equipment needed
A nonskid, sudsey effervescent torso
Rotating hips that can trace the movement of a cold bowl of jelly on a hot tin roof

How a real gone kid with a horn learned how

A Kitten Can Pucker-Up

By George Wettling

Once upon a two-four time in the gut bucket days when a slush pump was a plumber's friend, there lived in the land of ool ya-koo a real square kid named Wade Dade. This rube very early deduced that an eight-to-the-bar kick was his framework and a far more diggable dodge than such things as jockeying trucks, pushing shoes and arranging groceries.

The Dades were real gone on the idea of a foot-cadger in the family and coaxed the boy a four string and a teach. The teach started the sprout off on a basic razz rallied 'The Old Man's Lost His Choppers, But He's Stronger On the Gum Than Wrigley." Wade booted the thing real sad and it came clear he was alone in left field on tempo and chords. He was especially lost on B-diminished, which always came out E flat minor.

By the time Wade had broken a small fortune in strings and broken up the neighborhood with his squeak, fate stepped in by way of Pappa Dade with a load on. He did a fade on the violin and that was the coda to Wade's blade.

The boy noodled around on a kazoo for a while and finally they bought him a horn and told him to blow his way through college. By now he could handle almost anything on a score — well almost anything. Each time he came to that chord, Wade would make like he was treed with his reed and fake his way around it. Since he had a solid sound on everything else, the frat set let it slide.

Wade got some work in pick-up bands and once in a while he would even get off a snort that would sound enough like B-diminished to get him through. Still, he got a complex about the thing and was more at home sitting in with a bash group, where he could take a ride and improvise around every chord but B-diminished.

Then fate smiled again in the form of Goodie Cotton, a strictly front man with a bundle who had a pash for the stick. Wade got on as a regular with Goodie because Goodie wasn't even aware that Wade's B-diminished always came out B flat minor. But the other side men knew and it was a jah for Wade, who wanted to be the most.

They bleated their way through college and then Goodie tapped some more of his pater's cabbage and took his boys into a club his cousin owned on 52nd Street. The cousin figured, well, that the boys need something out front besides Goodie, so he latched onto a frill named Julie Liddens.

Hardly anybody ever noticed, but into the wire with all her assets was a true ear. The first time Wade hit that B flat minor instead of B-diminished she cut off right in the middle of the lyrics and withered him with a rotary toss of her left mountain.

Wade took it hard because from the first sighs of Julie he was fractured and oo-bla-da. He got into a big sweat about the way she'd walked away from his cacophony and after the set he went around to her cage and apologized.

"It's some kind of fixation," he told her. "I can hear it, I know what it should be, but it comes out B flat minor."

She softened a little because this kid knew what it was to have a fixation. Overly-endowed at age 14, she'd spent her last two years hiding the feeling she was thrusting two Graf Zeppelins everywhere she paddled.

Julie walked over close to Wade and the smell of her had him canoeing. She got as close to him as that front of hers would let him and she put a small finger on his lower lip.

"The trouble can't be there," she smouldered. "It's a good lip."

George Wettling, musician and author of this article, and his cronies ad-lib in an off-beat cellar

And she proved it by giving it a long taste test. Wade went out of there with knee froogies and when he got back on the stand his notes sounded like the lure of the lyre

Julie came back for a number and the look she gave him, Wade knew the kiss had rocked her, too She broke into a torchee called "My Man Ain't Mine" and Wade trembled a little as he recalled there were several B-diminished chords farther down the pad

The closer he got to those killer chords the more he felt like corking He didn't want to let Julie down, but he'd never played a true B-diminished in his life.

Then, just before he got to the first one, he glanced up as Julie, without missing a beat, turned from the mike, puckered and gave him a kiss like wow. He puckered back and that B-diminished came on like Eldridge. Every time B-diminished came up after that, Julie puckered and he puckered back and it was the craziest

Even Goodie knew something great had happened and he threw a big party in his room after the bow-out. Julie hung on her boy like a summons and everybody knew Wade had it made He got so gone on the juice he conked and Julie took him to her place.

MORAL: In the search for B-diminished, your fear can B-demolished if your Julie's lips are polished

"For a minute I just looked at him Then I knealt down next to him He kept moaning, 'Oh baby, why did you do it? Why dud you do it?'"

(Continued from Page 16)

girl always picked on me When she said 'Come here' I would *do it* I was always afraid of her Boys used to yell at me" It was her belief that she was unpopular in high school because the didn't know much about sex and because of that fact other students made fun of her

She insisted she was not insane although admitting she was sick mentally "There must be something the matter with me," she said, "if I go around shooting people My first idea was that I would shoot him because I liked him a great deal and I knew I never could have him, and if I couldn't have him neither could anybody else. Second, I had the idea that if I shot him I would have to shoot myself In the third place I wanted publicity and attention for once"

"I remember when he knocked on the door of my hotel room I was scared stiff, but I thought to myself I will settle this once and for all and really kill him At that time I had a knife in my skirt pocket and was going to use that on him When I opened the door he came rushing in, right past me I expected him to stand there and wait until I asked him to come in and during that time I was going to stab him with the knife I was kind of mad that he came right in and didn't give me a chance to stab him He looked at me surprised and said, 'What do you want to see me about?' I said, 'Wait a minute I have a surprise for you'

"I went to the closet of my hotel room and got out the gun. I took it out and pointed it at him and he had such a silly look on his face He looked so surprised I was pretty mad at him, so I told him to get out of the chair and move over by the window He got up right away and said, 'Baby, what's this all about?' That made me mad He just stood there stuttering and stammering and he asked me again 'What is this all about? What have I done?' I said 'For two years you have been bothering me, and now you are going to die' Then I shot him

"For a minute I didn't think I shot him, because he just stood there, and then he crashed against the wall. For a minute I just looked at him I still didn't believe he was shot He kept saying 'Baby, why did you do that?' Then I said 'I don't believe I shot you,' because he was still smiling Then I knelt down next to him. He had his hand stretched out I put my hand over his He said something to the effect 'You like that, don't you?' I took my hand away from his when he said that I asked him where he had been shot—I couldn't see a bullet hole or blood or anything He said I shot him in the guts, and I was convinced he was shot I don't know why I thought, well now's the time to shoot myself, and I told him Then I tried to find the bullets, but I couldn't find them, and I lost my nerve I was frantic by that time and I called the operator to call the doctor He kept moaning, 'Oh baby, why did you do it? Why did you do it?' He was groaning and I didn't like to hear it, so I went out in the hall The doctor and house detective came It was so silly Nobody came out of their rooms You would think they would all come rushing out I got mad I kept telling them I shot Eddie Waitkus, but they didn't know who Eddie Waitkus was. I thought they were just plain dumb if they didn't know who Eddie Waitkus was After that the police came, but I was burning because nobody was coming out of those other rooms Nobody seemed to want me much I could have walked right out of the place and nobody would have come after me"

After that night, she had dreams about killing Waitkus, she said. Once, in one of these dreams she found herself sitting with Waitkus held in her arms, like a baby *"All my dreams have come true,"* she adds. *"He had been with me in jail."*

After the shooting, she claims she had frequent messages from Waitkus, who was hospitalized at the time These messages included seeing his name on a bar of soap, or seeing the number 36 various places She did not think she would ever want to kill anyone else because Waitkus, to her, was the only person in the world worth killing.

26 Men and a Girl

A Love Goddess Walks into the Lives of 26 Tormented Men

FROM A STORY BY MAXIM GORKI

THERE WERE TWENTY SIX of us—six-and-twenty living machines in a damp, underground cellar, where from morning till night we kneaded dough and rolled in into kringels.

Our employer had bars placed in front of the windows, so that we should not be able to give a bit of his bread to passing beggars, or to any of our fellows who were out of work and hungry. Our employer called us rogues, and gave us half rotten tripe to eat for our mid-day meal. It was swelteringly close for us, cooped up in that stone underground chamber under the low, heavy, soot-blackened, cob-webby ceiling. Dreary and sickening was our life between its thick, dirty, mouldy walls.

In the second story over the bakery there was established a gold-embroiderer's shop, and there, living among the other embroidery girls was Tanya, a little maid-servant of sixteen. Every morning there peeped in through the window, a rosy little face, with merry blue eyes, while a ringing, tender voice called out to us:

"Little prisoners! Have you any kringels, please, for me?"

At that clear sound, we knew so well, we all used to turn around, gazing with simple hearted joy at the pure girlish face which smiled at us so sweetly. The sight of the small nose pressed against the window pane, and of the white teeth gleaming between the half-open lips, had become for us a daily pleasure. Tumbling over each other we used to jump up to open the door, and she would step in, bright and cheerful, holding out her apron, with her head thrown on one side, and a smile on her lips. Her thick long chestnut hair fell over her shoulder and across her breast.

We, ugly, dirty and misshapen as we were, looked up at her and spoke strange unaccustomed words, which we kept for her only. Our voices became softer, our jests were lighter. The baker took from his oven a shovel of the best and the brownest kringels, and threw them deftly into Tanya's apron.

"Be off with you now, or the boss will catch you!" we warned her each time. She laughed roguishly, called out cheerfully: "Good-bye, poor prisoners!" and slipped away as quick as a mouse.

That was all. But long after she had gone we talked about her to one another with pleasure.

Generally we spoke about women in such a way that sometimes it was loathsome for us to hear our rude, shameless talk. The women whom we knew deserved perhaps nothing better. But about Tanya, we never let fall an evil word. Though our life of penal servitude had made us dull beasts, oxen, we were still men, and like all men, could not live without worshipping something or other. We took turns in the duty of providing her with hot kringels, and this became for us like a daily sacrifice to our idol; it became almost a sacred rite, and every day it bound us more closely to her. We were bound to love Tanya, for we had no one else to love.

However, at times one of us would suddenly begin to reason like this:

And why do we make so much of the wench. What is there in her? Eh? What a to-do we make about her!"

The man who dared to utter such words we promptly and roarsely cut short. We had found her and loved her as a holy thing.

Besides our department, our employer also had a bread-bakery; it was in the same house, separated from our hole only

Little prisoners have you any kringels for me?

by a wall, but the bakers held themselves aloof from us, considering their work superior to ours.

One day we learned that their chief baker had been drunk, the master had sacked him and taken on another. This one was a soldier who wore a satin waistcoat and a watch and gold chain. We were inquisitive to get a sight of such a dandy.

He came of his own accord into our room. Kicking at the door, he pushed it open, and leaving it ajar, stood in the doorway smiling. The ice-cold air, which streamed in through the open door, curled in streaks of vapor round his feet. He stood on the threshold, looked us up and down, and under his fair twisted mustache, gleamed his yellow teeth. He was a fine fellow, this soldier, tall, healthy, rosy cheeked. He wore on his head a white starched cap, and from under his apron peeped the pointed toes of fashionable, well blacked boots.

Our baker asked him politely to shut the door. The soldier did so without hurrying himself, and began to question us about the master. We exclaimed to him, all speaking together, that our employer was a thorough going brute. The soldier listened to us, twisted his mustache, and watched us with a friendly, open hearted look.

"But haven't you got a lot of girls here?" he asked suddenly.

Some of us began to laugh deferentially, others put on a meaning expression and one of us explained to the soldier that there were nine girls here.

"You make the most of them?" asked the soldier with a wink.

We laughed, but not so loudly, and with some embarrassment. One of our number confessed:

(Continued on the next page)

They were enthralled by the 16 year old maidservant

(Continued from page 37)

"That sort of thing is not in our line."

He sat down on a flour sack, and told us at length all about the way women loved him. Then he left, and after the door had creaked shut behind him, we sat for a long time silent. Then we all suddenly broke silence, for it became apparent that we were all equally pleased with him. He was such a nice, open-hearted fellow; he came to see us without any standoffishness. No one had ever talked to us in that friendly sort of way. And we continued to talk of him and his coming triumph among the embroidery girls, who passed us by with contemptuous sniffs when they saw us in the yard, or who looked straight through us as if we had been air.

"If only he does not get hold of little Tanya!" said one of us in an anxious tone of voice.

We were silent for these words troubled us. Then began a lively discussion, some of us maintained that Tanya would never lower herself so; others thought she would not be able to resist him, and the third group proposed to give him a thrashing if he should try to annoy Tanya. Finally, we all decided to watch the soldier and Tanya, and to warn the girl against him.

Four weeks had passed by since then, and during this time the soldier baked white bread, walked about with the embroidery girls, visited us often, but did not talk any more about his conquests, only twisted his mustache, and licked his lips lasciviously.

Tanya called on us as usual every morning, and was as gay and friendly with us as ever. We tried once or twice to talk to her about the soldier, but she called him a "goggle-eyed calf," and made fun of him all round, and that set our minds at rest. We saw how the gold-embroidery girls earned on with the soldier, and we were proud of Tanya's behavior, which reflected honor to us all.

One day the soldier came to see us, a bit drunk, and sat down and began to laugh. When we asked him what he was laughing about, he explained to us:

"Why two of them — that Lydka girl and Grushka — have been clawing each other on my account. You should have seen the way they went for each other. Ha! ha! One got hold of the other by the hair, threw her down on the floor of the passage, and sat on her. Ha! ha! ha! They scratched and tore each other's faces. It was enough to make one die with laughter. Why do they always scratch one another, eh?"

He sat on the bench there and went on laughing. We were silent. This time he made an unpleasant impression on us.

"Well, it's a funny thing what luck I have with the womenfolk! Eh? One wink and it's all over with them. It's the d-devil!"

He raised his white hairy hands, and slapped them down on his knees. And his eyes seemed to reflect such frank astonishment, as if he were himself quite surprised at his good luck with women. His red, fat face glistened with delight and self satisfaction, and he licked his lips more than ever.

Our baker scraped the shovel violently and angrily along the oven floor, and all at once he said sarcastically:

"There's not great strength needed to pull up fir saplings, but try a real pine tree."

"Why — what do you mean by saying that to me?" asked the soldier.

The soldier was offended, he went to our baker and roared: "No, tell me — who?"

"Tell you?" the baker turned suddenly to him.

"Well?"

"You know Tanya?"

"Well?"

"Well, there then! Only try."

"I?"

"You!"

"Her? Why that's nothing to me — pooh!"

"We shall see!"

"You will see! Ha! ha!"

"She'll —?"

"Give me a month! A fortnight! I'll prove it! Who is it? Tanya? Pooh!"

"Well, get out. You're in my way!"

Our baker, all at once, flew into a rage and brandished his shovel. The soldier staggered away from him in amazement, looked at us, paused, and softly, malignantly said,

"Oh, all right, then!" and went away.

During the dispute we had all sat silent, absorbed in it. But when the soldier had gone, eager, loud talk and noise arose among us.

Some one shouted to the baker: "It's a bad job that you've started, Pavel!"

"Do your work!" answered the baker savagely.

We felt that the soldier had been deeply aggrieved, and that danger threatened Tanya. We felt this, and at the same time we were all possessed by a burning curiosity, most agreeable to us. What would happen? Would Tanya hold out against the soldier? And almost all, cried confidently: "Tanya? She'll hold out!"

We longed terribly to test the strength of our idol: we forcibly proved to each other that our divinity was a strong divinity and would come victorious out of this ordeal. From that day we began to live a different life, a life of nervous tension, such as we had never known before. We spent whole days in arguing together; we all grew, as it were, sharper. It seemed to us that we were playing some sort of game with the devil, and the stake on our side was Tanya. And when we learned from the bakers that the soldier had begun "running after our Tanya," we felt a sort of delighted terror.

Tanya's name was on our lips all day long. We said nothing to her, however, of the dispute regarding her. We asked her no questions, and behaved as well and affectionately to her as ever. But even in this, a new element crept in, alien to our old feeling for Tanya — and that new element was keen curiosity, keen and cold as a steel knife.

During the whole of the intervening fortnight we had heard that Tanya was persistently followed by the soldier.

This morning, too, we heard her voice outside:

"You poor prisoners! Here I am!"

We opened the door, and when she came in we all remained, contrary to our usual custom, silent. Our eyes fixed on her, we did not know how to speak to her, what to ask her. And there we stood in front of her, a gloomy silent crowd. She seemed to be surprised at this unusual reception and suddenly we saw her turn white and become uneasy, and then she asked, in a choking voice:

"Why are you — like this?"

"And you?" the baker flung at her grimly, never taking his eyes off her.

"What am I?"

"N-nothing."

"Well then, give me quickly the little kringels."

"There's plenty of time," said the baker, not stirring, and not removing his eyes from her face.

Then, suddenly, she turned round and disappeared through

Tanya emerged from the cellar, clothes rumpled. The men encircled her

the door

At twelve o'clock — while we were eating our dinner — the soldier came in. He was as neat and as smart as ever, and looked at us — as usual — straight in the eyes. But we were all awkward in looking at him.

"Now then, honored ars, would you like me to show you a soldier's quality?" he said, chuckling proudly.

"Go out in the passage, and look through the crack — do you understand?"

We went into the passage, and stood all pushing against one another, squeezed up to the cracks of the wooden partition that looked into the store cellar. We had not long to wait. First, the soldier came in and seated himself against a wall of potato bins. His hands were thrust in his pockets, his mustaches were quivering. Very soon Tanya, with hurried footsteps walked across the yard, and across the puddles of melting snow and mud, and into the cellar.

We watched silently as she came in and threw herself at him. We soon knew what was to happen by the look in her eyes as he wrapped his big arms around her delicate body.

Outside, the rain was falling slowly with a depressing sound. We soon crept back through the passage on our hands and knees.

At last we saw Tanya emerge from the cellar. She was alone. With no word spoken, we filed out of the passage and moved across the yard. Blocking her path, we circled her. No one spoke. We all stared at her.

Her clothes were rumpled. Her eyes grew wide with fright as she saw us noticing everything about her. We moved in on her, closer and closer.

Suddenly she darted through a narrow gap in the ring we formed around her. No one tried to lay a hand on her. We let her go. The soldier had won.

Our circle then dissolved and we walked toward the cellar where the soldier still remained.

It may have been an hour, or even more, before we returned to our work. We kneaded the dough in utter silence, staring at one another now and then with faces that were all but expressionless, unmindful that our blood red hands were changing the color of the dough.

The Girl Watcher

OFFERS

Something Special for You

THE EDITORS OF GIRL WATCHER are anxious to know how you feel about this new magazine We want you to help us make Girl Watcher better We have made arrangements with our printers to strike off some special early printed copies of our next issue for the first 300 readers who write in and tell us which stories they like best All you have to do to be eligible for this special pre-publication issue of Girl Watcher is to check the squares by the stories you liked best and mail your answers to the address below

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Girl Watcher
P O BOX 215
MALIBU, CALIFORNIA

Name

Street

City *State*

PHOTOGRAPHER COSMO FERRIT'S

Strange, Exotic, Shook-Up World

Cosmo Ferrit, of North Philadelphia, Pa., is a man who believes in pursuing his hobby no matter what. A cable splicer who works the dank sewers of Philly, he regularly deserts his lead pouring down under to delineate female underpinnings. So schooled is Ferrit, that the ricatoo of heel-lifts on the pavement over his head signals him whether the approaching chick is for focus or fricasee.

Ferrit's spontaneous approach to photography so unnerves some females that he can only sell the resulting prints to medical journals. However, there is another type of chick that is drawn by his candor, his informality, his honest face, his manly aroma, like a hound to a bunny hutch. "Enough of this nonsense," quote the cuties who clamber down the hatch, "Enough of those penthouses, bear rugs and one-to-one martinis" they say curling up on Cosmo's bear rug and drinking him out of one-to-one martinis.

Girls hear about my setup via the underground and keep dropping in on me

Fading with bus tokens and silver dollars, Ferrit busted girls with real diamond rings.

The way things go today you can never tell who's interested in fine figure photography

Ferrit nominated this girl as possessing the shapeliest tonsils in Philadelphia

The underworld photographer finds a windy day best for recording the undie-world

WHAT CAN INTOXICATE A GIRL MORE THAN LIQUOR?

bongo!

THE PLACE OF THE BONGO would not have been easy for a stranger to find. A black, narrow alley near Washington Square. A sudden right turn into an unlighted door between a seed store and a harness shop. Two flights up a creaking, dim stairway. It had only gray splotches of wood under some of the bare nail heads to show there had once been a carpet there. A cold water, railroad flat.

Two flights up, we angled back into a hall no wider than a footpath through summer weeds. At the end of the path a door cracked then opened.

'Sweetie,' a girl said. She was tall with a glistening flap of black hair. In her yellow, strapless towel cloth dress, she looked cool and trim as a banana. I had time to notice she was also barefooted as a yard dog before she leaned over and struck dare in the cheek.

'Hi. That will be seventy five cents.

'Seventy five cents! For that?'

The girl said, 'How else would I pay the rent?'

The apartment was all but dark. As the girl led us through the back, I glimpsed a room with nothing in it but a sagging iron bed and a closed trunk – no other furniture. Up in front the living room and dining room were entirely bare – except for the people. They were jammed in from wall to wall, pressed side to side, chest to back, tighter than bricks in a kiln. They were all facing one way, toward a small, glaring circle of light where two men stripped to the waist were palming out a Voodoo chant on two sag bellied tam-toms – bongo drums.

Momo momo mama mama mama EEs mo mama momo EEs mo momo momo EEs mo mm MA! went the drums, filling the low ceilinged, ragless apartment with the rock and rhythm of primitive sound. In the postage-stamp-sized circle of light, a blonde with a "gone" smile was dancing with a shirtless man with a 'gone' brown.

The girl in the banana dress still had hold of my hand. "One thing about these parties," she said, "you have to fit – literally – or you can't squeeze in." We shifted and turned through the mob like two sticks working our way through a woodpile and I began to see what bongo dancing is like.

It is like one of those Roman arenas where they throw the beautiful damsels to the lions while the gladiators are out to lunch.

Any male who felt the urge, threw off his

shoes, ripped off his shirt and sprang onto the one bare spot of floor. Any female who dared risk a bongo with him sprang to meet him. Then in a frenzied dance that looked like a jitterbug gone raving mad, they whirled, stomped and ground their hips until the girl dropped from exhaustion. When this happened the man-dancer tossed her or relived her out of the ring and a new woman leaped in to take her place. When the male dancer could go no longer, he fell out himself and a fresh substitute jumped in to take his place.

"Go go, go Big Wheel!" screamed a woman.

Big Wheel was the name of the man in the bongo ring as we sailed up. He was taking on all comers, and he was big, glowering and savage-looking, panting from exertion, his lips parted to let the breath out, an edge of his teeth showing under his upper lip. His ragged blue-jeans — all he had on — were damp with the sweat, his eyes wild and vacant.

Mama EEs mama mama mama EEs mama mama pulsed the drums expertantly in the interlude. The crowd rocked me around. When I reached back to speak to the brunette whose hand I was holding, she was gone. I was still clutching a girl's hand — or rather it was clutching mine — but her lace and the color of her hair had changed. She was a new and different girl who had come out of nowhere. She was a wistful, wan little thing, soft and warm as a kitten, with green eyes and hair the color of white ash. I felt she had clutched my hand — any hand — on a sudden impulse out of some need perhaps from fear. Did she feel a strange magnetism drawing her toward the bongo circle? Pressed tightly against my side, she seemed to want to cringe back, back, yet, at the same time, to want to step into the bongo ring.

She might have gone on hesitating, but as her left hand dangled too near the ringside, the man they called Big Wheel reached out and grabbed it. He snatched the girl so violently away from me her head snapped backwards on her neck. I saw startled terror in her eyes, but before I could move or think, Big Wheel had whirled her off her feet. She landed looking scared and shaken, but somehow finding the rhythm of the bongo dance. *Mama EEs mama mama mama EEs mama mama* and Big Wheel knit the girl into the intricate devish that goes with the sound. The lear left her lace and she flushed with excitement.

The next time the man whirled her she did not come down on her feet but on her side, the spun crazily with a rustling of her quilted skirt and a flashing of green brocaded petticoats. Her white blouse ripped off one shoulder as she hit the floor.

Do something! I told myself. *This kid's young and fresh and sweet and this gentle is trying her apart!* But something inside said *Take it easy. This is not your party and after all you don't even know the girl.*

So I stood there and watched the kid get annihilated. It was rather go on dancing or be thrown to the floor. She giggled in a silly vacant way and went on dancing. The Wheel snatched her toward him with a terrific jerk that seemed to break her in two. Her knees came forward toward him and her head went backwards, to within inches of the floor. Somehow in the bent back position she still patterned her feet to the bongo rhythm. That degenerated into wild acrobatics in which her head snapped back and forth on her neck like a broken pendulum. Her silver blonde sheaf of hair flopped now in her face, now behind her.

Someone has to stop this! I thought. The kid's face was white now, bobbing back and forth without expression. Her eyes lolled in her head. It seemed she must slide to the floor and maybe down into a deep sleep.

But Big Wheel was having none of that. He grabbed up a gallon jug with something purple in it — wine. As the little blonde reeled, he let her have it. A slosh of the purple stuff soused over her hair, gushed over her face, and trickled down into her blouse front, staining the white. She shook her head, revived, smiled tilly and was jerked into the rhythm again. The next time she hit the floor rolling she lay still. Big Wheel grinned, picked her limp form up like a sack of laundry and tossed it back to me.

I caught her but slipped to the floor with her. No one noticed either her or me. A new girl had thrown herself into the ring to be pulled apart. A woman could be killed, it occurred to me, killed and tossed out of the bongo circle and no one would know the difference, or care.

The little blonde, dazed and spent, leaned gratefully back against my shoulder like a wet kitten that had found a blanket. She was weaving, her eyes were closed, her wan, rifin face was sticky with the wine. I dabbed at the stuff with my handkerchief and the green eyes opened and smiled at me feebly. Her small hand crawled back into mine.

Ah, I thought. *She must have come out* as I carried her to the window, over a mass of various prone bodies about the premises. She was light and damp and warm.

Where had she come from this small helpless creature? And why was she here? Why were any of these people here? There were characters in blue jeans, slacks, old sweaters and sweatshirts jostled against up town people in dinner clothes. People in elaborate carnival costumes: people in practically nothing at all.

Unseen, almost unheard, moving like the log on little cat's feet," the word Bongo had swept through the Village. What had brought them all here? What did they seek in this dark bare dump? To get lost together, I concluded — and they were last doing it.

But what did she have to do with all this

(Continued on page 84)

The Haunting Beat of the Bongo

(Continued from page 43)

—this soft, intriguing looking little creature I had found, lost and who was tossed back to me again, all in the period of a few minutes?

We need some water, I told her. As I carried her back to the kitchen (the only running water I could find was an open shower in the middle of it) she felt light and warm. The crowd was in the kitchen, too, hovering over tables of half-empty bottles but I put the girl's head under the shower and sudsed her hair. It was silken and soft. She smiled appreciatively and I felt even closer to her.

Something prodded me in the back. I guess I was expecting a fight, but the object turned out to be a skirt made of sawed-off barrel staves. The heart faced girl wearing it said sleepily... 'I'm aged in the wood.' She moved on.

I dried off my little girl. "Feel better now?" She nodded and squeezed my hand. We found a far corner of the bongo room and sat on the floor. It was not too private. A doll in a slit skirted white satin gown and a life preserver from a ferry boat, chugged up tooting on a beer bottle.

A burly ape of a man swept by dragging his mate by a pair of handcuffs, linking her to him. "We trust each other," he confided.

A redhead stepped over us, leading a big Siamese cat — built just like her — on a leash of gossamer ankle bracelet chain. The cat was crossing my leg when its yellow eyes dilated, its fur rose, and, with an electric spitting and spatting, it sailed through the air and splashed into a bowl of ice cubes.

I looked up to see who or what had frightened the cat. There was nothing new except a tall, bearded man who stood in the doorway. He had on an old trench-coat stained and smudged with dirt. His collar was open at the neck. Standing there, tugging at his spade beard, his lightning blue eyes sweeping the room arrogantly, he seemed to expect some kind of homage from the crowd — and he got it.

The room had grown quiet. I felt instantly hostile to The Beard and sensed other men in the place felt the same way. Then the redhead with the cat cried, "David!" She bounded softly across the room and slipped her arm in the bearded man's. The girl in the barrel stave skirt took his other arm. Other girls in the house began to press around him. They were chattering, giggling, pulling at the lapels of his disreputable coat.

The Beard did not seem to see them for even in the near darkness, and from the full length of the room, he was looking only at my little blonde. She was staring back at him.

The Beard brushed the others aside, crossed the room without once taking his eyes from her. He said nothing — just sat down facing her with his arrogant, possessive smile.

I felt it again — but stronger — the mixture of anger and disbelief I had felt since arriving at the party.

Who did this tramp think he was? What right did he have to inflict himself on this nice little kid? Or to intrude into my world, even such a world as I had discovered in this dark, weird place? Which of the many

(Continued on next page)

He grabbed a gallon jug of wine and sloshed the little blonde in the face

The Bongo

(Continued from Page 44)

Village Beards was he? Was he the blind man I had seen hunched in the yellow light of the subway entrance, extending his tin cup at Sheridan Square? Was he the bearded deft-fingered pawn-broker I had once glimpsed trading coin for a watch in a sinister hole-in-the-wall place on Bleecker Street? Or was he one of those Beards who lurk in the back of some Village bookshops peddling under-the-counter pamphlets?

As I wondered, the man David produced a small object from his pocket. It looked innocent enough — a pack of peanuts. He began to toss the peanuts, slowly, one by one, into the mouth of my little blonde. She kept opening her mouth and closing it. Her face was blank. She seemed to be hypnotized by the man.

"Written any mysteries lately, David?" the girl in the Turkish pants called out. The female's hovering over him giggled, as if at a joke. Deliberately, with the lightning-like smile in his eyes, The Beard reached into his pocket and brought out a red China marking pencil. Assuming the exaggerated air of a man writing a novel, he began to scribble some words on my little girl's leg.

"That's the first chapter of David's mystery, the redhead informed her and laughed harshly. To my astonishment, my blonde giggled, too, and seemed for an instant entirely out of character.

"That's no mystery," said a tall minx with down-curling lips. "You can see where the plot's going already."

"Look here," I said, starting up. I glanced around. I was outnumbered and knew it. I subsided.

To my relief, The Beard seemed to have business elsewhere. He got up abruptly and left.

"Come on," I told the kid, who huddling against me now, closer now than ever. "Let's get out of here. I'm sick of this pseudo-intellectual junk."

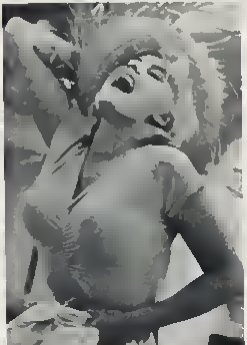
I wanted to be out of the smoke-thick room, out in the cool, clean night with this girl. Strangely, I realized she had not spoken a word all night. I wanted to hear her voice, I knew it would be soft and sweet.

I pulled her to her feet and she made no objection, just gave me that faint distant smile and took my hand. Leading her down the dim-lighted stairs and out into the fresh air, I felt an overwhelming sense of protection and possession. I would get her away from all this.

We walked aimlessly for several blocks. At the corner of Minetta Lane there was a clump of trees — old trees, tired and smoky trees, but trees, nevertheless, islands in this barren sea of sterile, gas-fumed pavement. I stood with the girl under the trees, holding her two hands. The corner street light, penetrating the leaves, made swirling patterns of light and dark on her face.

A taxi was coming up. "Cab!" I shouted, I stepped out, holding up my hand.

She was gone. A second cab was just pulling away. From its back seat the man with the beard leered at me in contempt. My little girl was beside him. She looked frightened, yet hypnotically drawn to him, as hours ago she had been drawn to the bongo dancer.



Your Problems Answered

(Continued from Page 25)

on my motorcycle. When I'm driving too fast the wraps both arms around me. Lately she's been putting both of her hands around my throat. Is this a sign she doesn't love me anymore?

Throttled

Dear Throttled

My advice to you is to climb down off that motorcycle before the men in white coats start climbing telephone poles looking for you. Or better yet, why don't you let *her* do the steering and you hold on?

Dear June

When my steady girl married my best friend I thought that would be the last I would have to worry about her. But whenever we meet at parties she makes a dash for me, wraps her arms around me and neeks with me for the rest of the evening. Golly, it's embarrassing. What shall I do?

B.K.

Dear B.K.

You're a big boy now, Buster. If you don't know what to do by now maybe you'd better try out for the girl's basketball team.

Dear June

My mother said it was about time I stopped playing chess and thought about girls. I did. Mom one better and went out and found myself a girl. At least, I think she's a girl. The first time I dated her she was wearing a 26" bra. The second time it was a size 36" and last night she was wearing a 40 incher. I'm all confused. How can I be sure and how can I find out and remain alive?

Shook.

Dear Shook

I'm afraid that when it comes to selecting and wooing girls you're nothing but a big hoot. This girl is obviously deceiving you with a false front. I'd advise you to drop her and find a girl with permanent double features.

Dear June

Do you know of any Stay-Away powder? I can sprinkle on myself to keep married women away? I am an average looking guy but married women pursue me like a pack of hound dogs. I have permanent scars on me inflicted by jealous husbands.

One doctor tried to carve me up like a roast turkey with his scalpel knife. Another chased me all over town with a baseball bat. He turned out to be a National League batting champion. Another husband turned out to be the world's champion skeet shooter. Help me please. I'm out going to live long this way.

Desperate

Dear Desperate

Tell them to chase you my way. You sound interesting.

Send your problems to June Wilkinson Box 215 Malibu, California. Girl Watcher will publish the most interesting ones.

PRETTY GIRLS ARE FOUND IN THE DARNDEST PLACES DEPT.

Girl-of-the-Month Discovery

DESERT GIRL

By Cosmo Gonzalles

I don't know about you, but gas stations make me nervous. I always pick out the ones that have the Dead-End kids working there. Whenever I'm in a hurry, which is most of the time, as I'm a travelling salesman, fourteen guys or everyalls leap out at me and fill the tank, change the oil, kick the tires, stare stonily under the hood, clean the windshield, leaving it dirtier than it was and make a general nuisance of themselves. They do everything but take my pulse and temperature.

I make it a point to go to run-down gas stations that look as if they can't afford more than one attendant. That was the strategy I used in this small town in the southwest corner of New Mexico.

If you start talking to an attendant he'll strike up a friendly conversation and end up selling you a new carburetor, so I usually slump down on my seat, dig out a road map and shout "Fill it up, Mac," without so much as glancing at him.

As I whiffed the heavy aroma of the high test, my olfactory organ picked up another scent which certainly wasn't *Evening with Mehlhot* or *Shell No. 5*. No this was real perfume. I was ready to roar out of that place, when I suddenly saw a pretty face smiling at me.

"That will be $4.90, please," she said, extending a dainty hand.

I dug for my wallet. She certainly was the prettiest pumper I'd ever seen and I've been in gas stations from coast-to-coast. I was going to try the "what's-a-pretty-girl-like-you-doing-in-a-place-like-this-routine," but I found my tongue was jammed.

"Thank you," she said, giving me a dime change from my fiver.

I didn't want to go yet, the day was young and although my tank was full, so were my spirits.

"Aren't you going to check my oil?"

"Oh," she said, "do you really want it checked?"

"Sure, check away," I said, reaching for my camera, which has recorded luscious car hops, beauteful drive-in usherettes and miscellaneous womanhood, but never a gorgeous pump jockey.

She saw me about to click from behind the steering wheel and she ducked bashfully underneath the generator.

I asked him to check the tires and look at my kingpin. She agreed, but skillfully avoided my picture-taking.

She certainly was the prettiest pumper I had ever seen

First I asked her to quench the thirst of my hot radiator

I then asked her to give my tires a good check She still hid her face from me

I managed to get her to peek out from behind the pump

The grease rack gave her a chance to show her acrobatics

What's a lazy day in a hot desert town good for? Invisible bike peddling?

Finally, she kissed me and cooed, "Green stamps, Mister?"

ed my picture-taking

We sat down between the high-test and low-test pumps and talked it over It seems she had had a phobia about pictures ever since she was 11, when it seems a traveling photographer snapped her swimming in the Rio Grande Xavier wearing nothing but a look of surprise

I told her about my gas station phobias and how she helped me overcome my fears Then I explained that there has to be a first time for everything and she gradually loosened up

We tried a few simple poses and when I finally convinced her to pose on the grease rack, she had licked her problem completely Now she's not afraid of having her picture taken and I'm not afraid of gas station attendants

I profited, because I have a collection of photos of the prettiest gas station attendant in the country It cost me a few pennies at the place, but a guy who drives as much as I do can always use a new set of tires And seat covers. And a new set of spark plugs. And battery And steering wheel cover And venetian blinds for the back window And a pair of mechanical birds that whistle when I hit 50 mph In fact they whistle like I do when I look at pictures of my Ethyl Supreme

I asked her to smile prettily and she immediately darted under the car and began to check my steering mechanism

The last time I visited New Mexico, the pretty gas pumper posed for me down by the river among the live oaks

AN INTRODUCTION TO

Girl Watching

Every Red Blooded American male is interested in this fascinating hobby

NARY A MALE EYEBALL WAVERED as five foot and a half inches of cool blonde female wow, glided across the sun drenched small town street

Her lemon yellow skirt fit like sausage skin and she expanded a red silk blouse in a manner that would rate her a traffic menace violation ticket from any police department.

"That's a Pittsburg Blonde Flipper," said the ardent Girl Watcher, with mounting interest

"Don't hand me that jazz,' the second Girl Watcher glowered, "that's a Philly Floozie! I'll bet my membership card on it"

Few people realize there is a vast national organization called AGWA *(Ardent Girl Watchers' Association)*

In order to join this club a new member must prove he is mentally alert, a serious student and connoisseur of pretty girls — able to appraise, classify and give the true zoological name for each member of the species sighted at twenty paces

We interviewed Christopher C. Tinker, national president of *AGWA* 'Girl-Watching Clubs are spreading like a brush fire across the nation, across the seas and into the far reaches of the hinterlands," said Mr Tinker, enroute to Philadelphia to address the 1959 convention of *Ardent Girl Watchers* 'Applications for membership cards are pouring in by the mail bag '

We are, as one, with the AGWAs, *may sympatico* We hold further that you'd be stretching a tired bra to claim that collecting retina imprints of passing females is any less a salutary hobby than, say, saving stamps or strings, G or otherwise

Watching the girls has had its ups and downs. The Romans in their excesses got the whole view, albeit through the hue of the grape Then there was too long a period when it was deemed very wow-wow-wee to even catch a glimpse of a well turned ankle

(Continued on Bottom of Page 6)

At every watering place, there is a Watcher interested in preserving rare moments of beauty forever in his mind

Start a Girl Collection

(Continued from Page 10)

Number two seemed to have even a shorter tenure in Fitz's court. She was 15-year-old Flor Delisa. All she got out of it was a house for herself and one for her parents.

What brought Fitz Aucher's passionate paternalism to light was his death from a heart attack in England last Spring. Shortly before his death he had telephoned his Rome business manager, Vittorio Ferosio (who had helped him find and adopt Carolina in the first place) that he was concerned about her and wanted to leave her everything. No will could be found. However, and Carolina and her washerwoman mama are currently sweating out the locating of such a will.

To her real daddy, Ernesto Picchioni, "The Monster of Nerola," now serving out a life sentence for doing away with guests in his modest home and selling their bicycles, Carolina wrote after Fitz's death, "What mama, we have lost! For me he bought all kinds of clothes, earrings, bracelets, an eternity ring, necklaces—a real, lovely trousseau! He paid off all the debts of Mama and Valerie (Carolina's married sister) and gave them new clothes as well as giving $130 a month to Mama and Gabrielle (her 11-year-old sister). Mr. Ferosio is in touch with the lawyers of my late protector to see that his obligations to Mama are respected. We hope for the best."

So sweet Carolina is there in Nerola and could well advertise "Have training in gentility—will travel." She's there and adoptable and adaptable to anyone who can match Fitz-Aucher's benefactor.

Carolina and thousands like her are there for collecting. Carolina, of course, would be a little expensive, having tested the finest vintage wines, cuddled her delicacies in the finest imported gowns and held court in a manner rivaling history's most fabulous queens.

But you don't have to be a Fitz-Aucher to collect dames. It just isn't legal, of course, in the U.S.—unless you can afford Tommy Manville type "marriages," but in India you can take vetted pot luck for as little as a couple of head of cattle.

You can get into the dame collecting dodge on a shoestring by going among the Papuans in New Guinea and rouse up a covey of imported Tasmanians in exchange for a carload of Australian beer. You could go down to Bogota, Colombia, and get a sultry type in exchange for your passport and other personal papers—which are much needed by fleeing revolutionaries.

In European countries such as Greece and Turkey, you can do what Fabulous Fitz did in Italy—adopt a girl or girls from a home for waifs of convents, discarded girl-children of destitute families, run-away families or cutes in work camps. You can sweeten up the bitter pill for some of the latter with little more than a set of possession papers, three squares a day and a lot of affection.

In the Eurasian countries it's possible to pick and choose on a very modest dame collecting budget. The families get out of hand and the latter damsels who are not much good in the field anyway, can be spirited away from the home portals for little more than American cab fare.

There was the brush buzzing, Pacific isles pilot who set himself down on one atoll and acquired a whole hut full of tan skinned cuties who wanted on him hand and foot and fought among themselves for his attentions. He finally had to give it up and work his way back to the States on a freighter. He said the responsibility of keeping all their eager lovelies contented had worn him down to a nub. Contrary to belief, the mountains, it is not a wonderful way to die.

A world wide adventurer became a girl collector by accident. In a desert rare car accident he had saved the life of an Arab Prince. This grateful son of a sermitar talked him into staying on in his oasis. The Arab's gratitude took the form of one pantalooned, bare-breasted cutie and then another and another until the adventurer, like a character in an E. Simms Campbell cartoon, could write a different name on each date on his wall calendar. His collecting days ended when, exhibiting a Yankee trait, he tried to smuggle his one favorite concubine out of the country.

This penchant for one at a time seemed to rule the Fabulous Fitz, too. When London papers got wind of his adoption of the fair Carolina and headlined it in a salacious manner, Fitz Aucher got a little indignant.

Said he: "I have no evil intentions in adopting Carolina. There is nothing sinister about my interest in her. After all, I hardly know her yet. And every time I have met her there has been somebody else in the room. With all my money and the world at my disposal do you think I would be romantic with a 17 year-old girl?"

Well, dressed in black like a widow after his death, Carolina said, "I loved him. He was my real daddy. At least I called him daddy. He was very patient with me."

And Carolina's former mother superior must have had cause for later concern. She wrote the Italian police asking why Carolina had not been put in a convent as promised. Also, high Italian ministers of justice demanded that it be explained—how a foreign philanthropist was able to remove a beautiful Italian girl, still a minor, from a state-controlled orphanage and install her in a private apartment.

Fitz-Aucher, for all his professed good intentions, found adoption laws a little unworldly and prohibitive in his search for "the world's most eligible heiress." But avid dame collectors can still take heart that in the world's less "civilized" countries it's still possible to covey up one, two or a dozen sweet, unspoiled young things who will serve not as a wife, not as a sweetheart, not as a mistress but as something infinitely superior—a divine possession.

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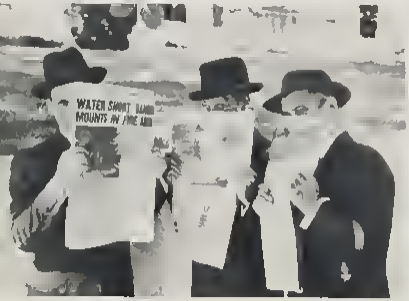
The true Girl Watcher has a keen eye for beauty, is dauntless and omnipresent

Look carefully and you will see an ardent femme fancier concealed behind each tree madly scribbling field notes

Three scholars tempt subject with sunflower seeds peanuts, soda crackers and a case of vintage Pepsi Cola



They overlook the day's news to look over the day's girls

Some take samples home to laboratory for further study

The Hunter and the Hunted

From the swelling ranks of *Girl Watchers*, we have received an unusual assortment of missives and photographs — pages from ardent notebooks from various parts of the world

From the Congo country in Africa comes a query from one reader He asks, "While scouting for springbok in the Zoogo regions, I chanced upon a gaggle of teen age pygmies tittering and tittering at a water hole The native chieftain, noting my interest, later gave me a pair of 19 inch girls as a gift Is it cricket for a *Girl Watcher* to own one? Will I lose my amateur standing if I hold specimens in captivity?"

We at Girl Watching Headquarters are interested in your problems Send us your observations together with sketches and photographs We will publish the most interesting field notes each month

Introduction to Girl Watching

(Continued from Page 4)

Another GW is *The Peeker* A student of the feminine frame, he prefers by nature to be objective also because there are only pennies in his kick, and a tendency to wither if his appraising stare happens to be returned He's limited, therefore, to make his appraisals over folded newspapers, while taking off his hat to wipe his forehead, from the shelter of doorways, lighting his pipe or cigar and over a raised coffee cup in the diner

Among the *Peekers* there are those who have mastered the half-hidden, unobtrusive or veiled appraisal They can look without appearing to look They are the skilled devils who can watch a girl adjusting a garter simply by seemingly looking in a shop window and blowing their noses

The Flusher GW is the gamecock of the breed In a subway crush, for example, he can spot his quarry and stalk her to a perch He will endure, until he elaborates his first impression, by viewing her in segregated light — such as seated alone on a park bench or waiting for a light on an uncrowded corner

The Shook Up GW is the one carrying a torch for a lost love. He re-lives her again in the thrust of this girl's lips in the cascade of soft hair on that girl's shoulders, in the studied mannerism of that girl's cigarette lighting routine

The Deerstalker Of all the Girl Watchers, these are the hardest workers Once they spot a girl who interests them, be it for her Swiss movement hip maneuvers or for something else outstanding, they stalk their quarry like underfed beagle hounds Their power of concentration is so great they have been known to fall off of river docks, roof tops into rain barrels, and no one has ever counted the number of noses broken by doors slammed in their faces

The Swivel Head A never die diehard He can't take one sip of the wine without taking another One glimmer of his eyeball on a passing quarry and his head spins and spins, studying the specimen fore and aft.

The Percher This is probably the most common type of Girl-Watcher Burning shoe leather to stalk his quarry is not his dish This type gets himself a box seat perch, where the prettiest quail are liable to pass by Library steps, bus stop benches in front of Girls Dormitories, or Schools for Nurses, or sitting on a wooden tower with a life-guard friend at public beaches

Then there the *The Specialists*, not actively interested in the WHOLE specimen Among these are *The Tumice*, *The Hipsters*, *The Derriere Devotees*, *The Lapsophiles* and *The Leg men*

The dedicated GW, like any other specialist, soon learns there are certain provinces where his operations can be more rewarding than others Certain corporations, he learns, have casting directors in place of personnel managers One Manhattan Insurance firm, for example, has more lush dolls in its secretarial pool than you'll find in Las Vegas

Frowned on by old-time GW's are the neophytes, the johnny-come-latelies to the craft who look at any and all specimens The good GW doesn't waste his optics on the run-of-the-mill or the overly showy tomatoes who are asking to be looked at. His is the divining acumen, the fine art of culling the dream from the dress.

Girl watching is edifying, transporting and fulminative The art has come a long way since the era of the underwear section of the mail order catalog Today's GW is the connoisseur of the day, of the female figure come to its fruition, of Slendrerella, Maidenform and Saks Fifth Avenue His is the sought approval of the Balmains, the John Frederics, the Hattie Carnegies and the Lerner Shops

Never before has the AGWA had such a challenging prospect. To perceive, to approve, to countenance and limn is the forte.

Ardent Girl Watchers unite! The field was never more fertile *(Turn to pg 8 for Girl Watchers illustrated)*

The enthusiastic Girl Watcher stalks the kingdom of the forest to record nymphs sleeping in the heather

A telescopic lens was used to record these creatures romping, lounging in a secluded girl sanctuary

It all began with Steve Centaur ogling Millie Mermaid years ago

What Kind of Girl Watcher are You?

ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING hobbies to come along recently is that of *Girl Watching* Unofficially of course, it's been going on for centuries but only recently has it become an accepted social pastime. It's inexpensive and fun All you need is a keen eye, sturdy legs and a flair for beauty Most men indulge in it to some extent Some don't, but they're dead. Here are the main types of *Girl Watchers* See if you can spot yourself among them

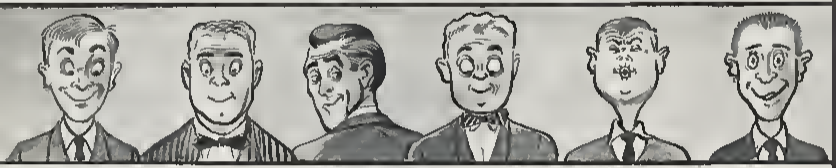
THE FLUSHER An intrepid watcher who rises above any situation to accomplish his aims He's been known to feign a drunken stupor and lie in front of the YWCA for hours watching the residents come and go

THE PEEKER He catches every passing fancy even if it means missing part of his meal

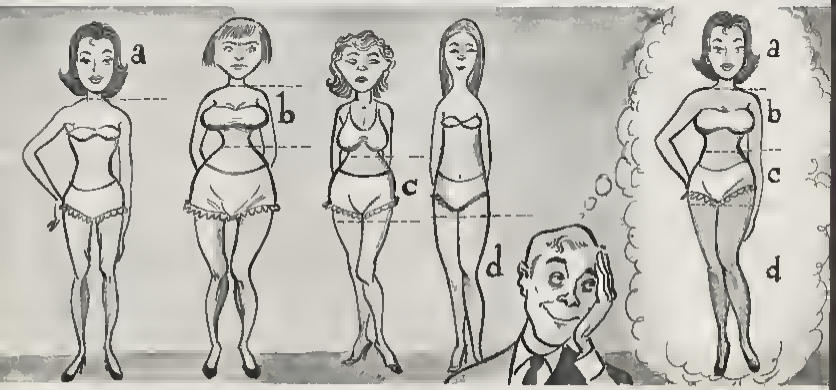
THE STALKER Resourceful and imaginative Just when things are darkest he comes up with a brand new technique

THE PERCHER Prefers overhanging limbs, but has been known to climb buildings, rainpipes and statues to gain a unique vantage point

SWIVEL HEAD says a new twist needs a new twist



The Legman The Hipster The Derriere Decoiee The Booze Mouse The Lapsophile The Nymphlover



AFTER YEARS *of looking, Lester concocted his own recipe for an ideal girl. He took one head of A, two cups of B, a pinch of C and two stalks of D — Ergo, a perfect specimen fit for any Girl Watcher*